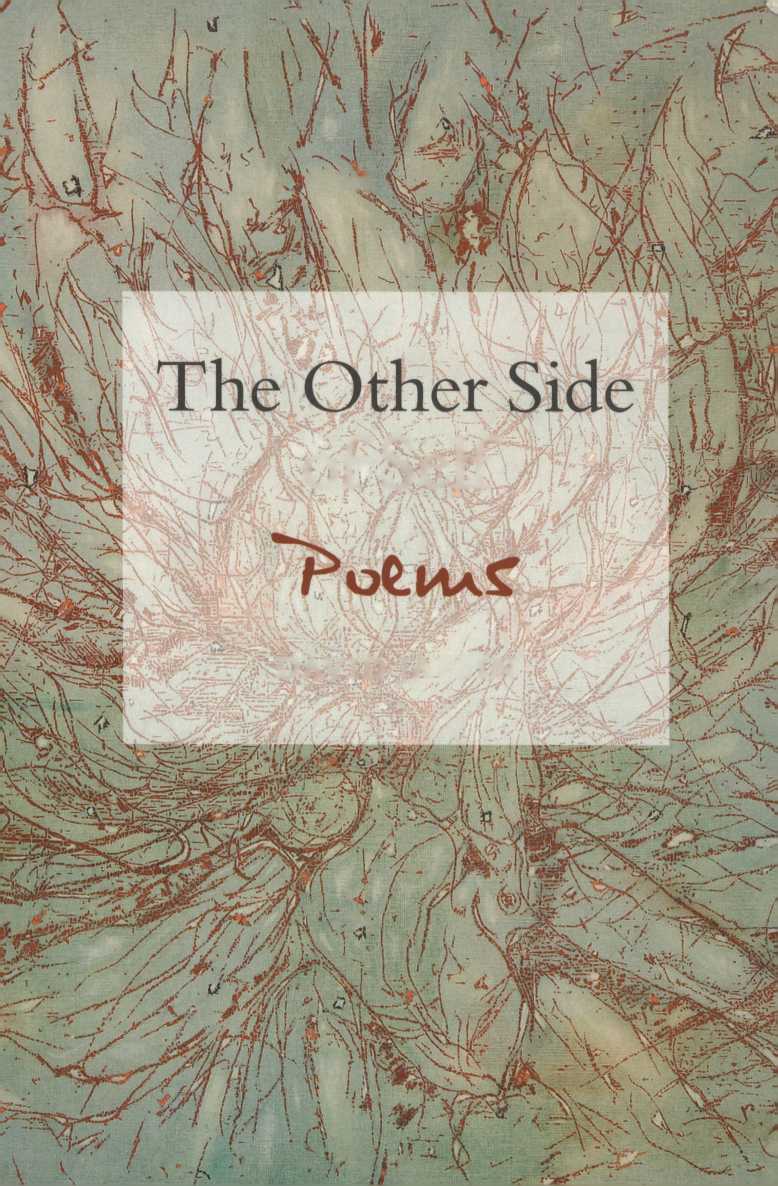
v v-e?



Ilbf Self

DAVID JAFFIN

Throughout his career, Charles Seliger (American, 1926—2009) pursued an inner world of organic abstraction, celebrating the structural complexities of natural forms. Inspired by a wide range ofliterature in natural history, biology, and physics, he cultivated a poetic style of abstraction that explored the dynamics oforder and chaos animating the celestial, geographical, and biological realms. Seliger paid homage to nature's infinite variety and his paintings have been described as “microscopic views ot the natural world”.

Born in New York City but raised in Jersey City, Seliger never completed high school or received formal art training. In 1943, he befriended artist Jimmy Ernst and was quickly drawn into the circle of avant-garde artists championed by Howard Putzel and Peggy Guggenheim. Two years later, at the age ot nineteen, Seliger was included in the groundbreaking 67 Gallery exhibition A Problem for Critics, and had his first solo show at Guggenheim’s Art ot This Century gallery. At the time, Seliger was the youngest artist exhibiting with members of the abstract expressionist movement, and he was only twenty years old when the Museum of Modern Art acquired his painting Natural History: Form within Rock (1946). In 1950, Seliger obtained representation from Willard Gallery, forming close friendships with artists Mark Tobey, Lyonel Feininger, and Norman Lewis. By 1949, Seliger had his first major museum exhibition at the de Young Memorial Museum, San Francisco. During his lifetime, his art was celebrated in over forty-five solo shows at prominent galleries in New York and Europe, in 1986, Seliger was given his first retrospective at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, which now holds the largest collection of his work. His work is also represented in numerous public institutions including the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Museum of Modern Art, and the Whitney Museum of American Art. In 2003, Seliger received the Pollock-Krasner Foundation’s Lee Krasner Award in recognition of his long and illustrious career in the arts. In 2005, the Morgan Library and Museum acquired his journals - 148 hand-written volumes produced between 1952 to 2009. In 2012, the Mint Museum in Charlotte, North Carolina organized the traveling exhibition Seeing the World Within: Charles Seliger in the 1940s.

The Other Side  
of Self

DAVID JAFFIN

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Charles Seliger (1926-2009)

Wind Blown (detail), 1958  
oil on canvas

16" x 22", signed and dated

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Thanks to  
Marina Moisei  
for her continued help  
with these poetic manuscripts

I’ve been often asked why I break words  
between lines. As Lenore, one of my most  
perceptive readers said, “You don’t really break  
words between lines, but place them within  
the entire rhythmic flow of the poem.

As my poems are extremely condensed I don’t  
want words, especially the longer ones, to be  
“hanging out”, therefore this very musical need  
for such a continuing on. Word-break, if one  
wants to call it that, means that these words  
must be put back together again, almost as if  
they’ve become recreated, newly realized.

David Jaffin

Prepared?

Can one be prepared for

death Or is it prepar

ing for us the secret un

known of its secluded si

lences.



theme left

as when Diirer encircled

the exact place of where

the pain was taking the

life out of him.

Birth-pained

Do these

branch

cd-flower

s color at the pain of

sudden ly birth

ed.

Flat-earth

If the earth

became as flat as we

thought it

out then we’

d always be moving away

from undefrn ably distan

cing the never finding back

to self a gam.

Even in Giorgione

that black- blank back

drop where Christ birth

s a world out of the dark

nesses of our timeless

ly impend ing fear

s.

And sudden

ly there

That snake black emp

ty-eyed (if he had

any) star ing out the

impenetrab le void of

my mooned- cold shin

ing fear

s.

Snow-dream (7)

s with only

the winds as those tin

touchab

ly-vanish

ing remind ers.

1. Ever

greens stand

ing out their own way of

taming the season’s change

able identity.

1. Flash

ing color

s the sea in unrest dark

ly disturb ed repeating

unheard sig nailing

1. What

children re

member leave their parent

s oft una ware of o

thcreyes and sensing through

their own self- limiting ex

posures.

1. Two sides

If there are

two sides to every story

Why does his tory recount

such a time less variety

of ongoing possibili

ties.

1. Chemistry

They call it

“chemistry” but we’ve

never found the true mean

ing ot love ready-prescrib

ed for exper imental test-

tubes.

J) First impressions

If first im

pression s merge in

to subtler realisat

ions It’s per haps because

we’ve been less ened down to

our own self- refining per

spective

s.

g) Squirrelled

You can’t

squirrel me in-to

those branch ed decept

ive lengthrunning

s.

Helmut

Years ago

when death at first took

its stead ied aim at

him a marks man precision

ed for blood It hit a

side though he remained

resilent ly time-endur

mg.

For Rosemarie /

Only when

you’re there This hou sc seems as if a oneness of place All that timeresolving word alive to what wasn’ t even said before.

He was the

type who took

the easy way s the usual

ly prescrib cd routes

until mapp ed-out dead-

ended to a nowhere

s that could n’t find him

back again.

Future

planning Man’s way of

satisfy ing his own

sense of what isn’t

his to de tide.

Helmut’s end

Death had sig

nailed its coining often-

enough before it arrived

at the side door unheard

expected ly there.

For Rosemarie *II* receptive

ly-mild as when the wind

s turn south wards and

touch warm s even more

than the light-refrain

of your voice- concealing

smile.

*Humanism* (Luther’s relics) How can I

believe in “man” when

I can’t be lieve in my

self s be ing better

than he really is.

Trakl

s melancho

ly word-col oring heav

ily what’ s wanting

for flow.

Death ’

s transcend

ing beauty only in au

tumn the leave s realize

their truly annointed

color’s

transform

the depth of scent-silen

ces.

Leaf

pattern

s a mosaic of transcend

ing light-co loring

s.

Autumn

feels a

far-off

incomplete

foreboding

released

in touch- scented dis

tancing

s.

At the ceme

tery those

post-war stones ris

ing ever-high er the length

of their life-long

shadow

ings.

“Major poem

s” (as Eliot

called them) oft too-inrport

ant to clothe those “minor”

incident s of a life-

breath scarce ly record

ed.

Oft have I

heard that at

life’s criti cal moments

It was those who helped the

most from whom we had good

reason to ex pect the least.

The Creed

left Godfather as only the Great

or devoid of His all-encom

passing bibli cal plan.

INRI

That water

ed christ ening may

have cleans ed me in

Christ’s cele brating pur

ity though it was only

the sacramen tal blood that

jewed me to His ultimate

time-exhaust ing presence.

For Lot and

his wife look

ing back meant the

death of a new-beginn

ing Is that why time’

s continual ly closing

so many chap ters to our

insufficient ly evolving

new wards.

“To thine own

self be true”

Two problem s hearing Polon

ius’ advice mirr oring a blemish

ed source What’s true may not re

mam so as the right train

newly rerout ed along a

nother a vailable

track.

“Serving two masters” *(Mozart/Goldoni)*

What remain

ed unfinish ed in the

score replent ished with

change able identi

ties masking an ensemble

of self-de ception

s unacount ably Mozart.

Walking

well-placed

steps those re flective e

choings left him

closer-tight

thought-in

tensed.

Chandelier’ *(forH. B.)*

s intricate

ly intertwin ing a light-

sceptre of lyrical in

terlude

s.

*Chopin* (Concerto 1, slow mvt.)

dream

ily touch ing through

the heart- reach of lyri

cal express iveness.

Donatello

at times

fiercely

pagan

though with visionary

prophet ic eye-depth.

Is

life

a picture- book the way

children learn to

read-out those unfam

iliar paged- faces.

Donatello

(however var

ied those person’)

s marbled to the exclus

ive realm s (so strong

ly conceived) of self-vin

tage.

He wrote

himself in

to the morn ing’s tenta

tively selfconceiving

though in creasing

ly light.

Self-control

can also mean

that hold ing-back form-

defining its thorough

ly inherent cause.

Escape routes

When there’

s no other way than that

turning in narrow

medieval es cape route

s breathless ly self-en

closing.

Flower

s lose their

colors shad owing on stone’

s death-i mage of man’

s unlimited self-resolve.

Sick-time

when that

room (in herentiy

there) now becomes act

ively known drawing its

colors into an indcscrib

able timed- oneness.

If you look

at a rounded-

ripe apple long enough

you may be drawing its

taste out of your inquisi

five eye- length

Madonna of the Clouds *(Donatello)* poetical

ly releas ing into

stream s ofheaven

ly gladness es.

Aphorisms (12)

1. Onr enemie

s may mean more of us

than our own self-mirr

ormg apprai sals.

1. Time took

its own self- disguising

routes until we realized

we’d been timed-out.

1. In autumn

the leaves

change color s whereas

man leaves the same im

pression sea sonlessly

adept.

1. The frog

hops the squir

rel springs from branch

to branch The birds fly

over the heights of

mountain ness shadow

ings And I

sit here only

wordfully-

admiring.

1. For Rosemarie

without you

more than a rib taken out

of the center- ot-self would

be failing.

J) I am not

(answering Descartes) because I

think but be

cause 1 was

thought-out long before

my birthed- beginning.

1. Those who

are lonely

should real ize how the

smallest of flower

s opens-out its very-per

son to the insistent

callings of light-

1. The churcli-

bells sound

ing out a heavenly

brightness but few came

to realize why.

1. “Painter

ly qualitie s” may have

minded the most of pre

sent histor ians But the

artists them selves oft

express ing how vis

ually-alive their faith

had become.

1. Really-seen

He looked at

what he thought was The-Jew-

in-me Money- minded danger

ously clever But then he

looked a 2nd time to see

what he’d really-seen.

1. She put on

a special

ly decorat mg hat for

the christen ing But still

her thought s remained

heavily

earth-bound.

1. Noah’s ark

through the

floods follows a mapless

route Israel in the desert

without a compass to

direct its un disclosing

ways And we godlessly a

lone.

This morn

ing’s green e

volving slow ly into

the true-full ness of his

mind’s recall ing response.

Dream

became so

much the more of his time

lessly a float a

silent boat drifting

stilled-wa

ters.

If Goethe

and Schiller

became the spring-time

summer-

fulfilling

poets What be came of their

death-evok ing winter

ing thought s.

Sin

s become so

prevalent ly always-

therc that one can’t

find that word-fbr-it

anymore.

Even gold

of the pur

est kind’ s packed in

the dross of its unclean

sed appear ance.

These tree

s holding as

a mother would shadowing

lcafed-silen

ces.

These knot

s blemish

ing the 1938 wood Wounds

that only blood could

fully real ize.

Bach *2'ui* Violin Concerto *(slow mvt.)* That tug

boat of slow-moving

push-sound

s its ex

elusive right- of-way.

That sound

less elevat

or stopped him to a

nowhere’ s place high

above that depthed

feeling

self-enclos

ed.

Date-time

If we knew

the exact date-time of

our own death Would life

(its half-bro ther) keep us

closer-yet to its deny

ing pulse.

*Consisten (*for Warren) cy of the

same-usage may deny the

right of each poem to

decide its own undivid

ed facial ly-adept

appearance.

Classically defying

Beethoven

even more than Schubert

sized-out forms beyond

their amen of only here-

for-now.

The fogs

as a maiden’

s chaste-mod esty only

lifted her skirts at the

timely-right to expose an

almost untouch ably beauti

fied presen

ce.

Why I pre

fer Macbeth

to Hamlet because

it says-it- all so pre

cisely classi cally-con

densed.

The light-con

tinuity of a

circular 3rd floor win

dow kept the night awake

by circling it into its

expression less void.

Thomas Bernhard’s

“Wittgenstein

’s Nephew” left him circling

round its con tinuously

repetitive style until (for

fear of los ing ground-

touch) stopp ed page 45.

Dream

s are those

silently un answering

voices a float upon the

sea’s spa ciously al

ways-inbecom

ing.

Are dream

s the shad

owings of what never-

could-havc- been time

lcssly re peating.

After-phrasings

It rained

the night through his

phrasing



s.

“Make-believe”

as if we

couldn’t shad ow our child

hood’s world into its

eye-closing

make-believe.

Taste

Is taste

of most-any- kind what

we’ve been taught to

see-believe Or is it in

trinsic to our own self-

realizing in tuition

s.

Foot-prints

Why are our

steps-insand so close

ly realized though all—

too-soon

impression

lessly wash ed-over Where

as those on stone leave

nothing more than need

less faint ly-sought

echoing

s.

For Rosemarie

Only you

and the poem have become

my constant ly-now in

these age-de termining

times of ir rctrievab

le loss.

Robert

may have left

all-that be hind that

never-again

Scarsdale

that formed him to his

own denial of nothing

less than his still—sha

dowing self.

“It-had-to-be”

why as if

that pre-deter mining “it”

more person ed than the

flesh-and- blood’s answer

ing that all- its-own.

At 14

the days no

longer num bered now

as those oc casional

clouds flow ing into

a unity of timeless

ly therea bout

s.

When the

star (however

bright it might have

appeared) grew into

those feared- impending

darkness es of death.

Used

Those who

let themsel ves be used

will soon be come used-

out as coin s with only

that dulled- imprint left.

*Rotnanze* (Karl Stamitz, 2"J Cello Concerto)

The full-flush

of coloring- sentiment o

verflowing the cello’s bright-

hued time-en trancing

s.

Marriage Portrait *(Van Eyck)* Van Eyck’

s jewelled colors

satiating even more

than that lady’s awaken

ing prepared ness.

*Matthias* (for Thomas) Claudius’

home-bred ly rics modest

ly assuming those everyday little things that

fashion life within our

own pri vate day-for-

day.

The ink may have

dried-down from its all-

inhabiting flow But life

kept recall ing him hack

to its phas ed but never

fully satiat ed appearan

ces.

2"A Commandment *(Moses)* The god of

only-love may have breath

ed-out the es sence of its

very-being when death

guilt and suffer ing call for

a holiness well- beyond what

man has so deft: ]y re-created

to his own self-design

ing image.

The slow

movement

of Shostako viches’ 2nd

Piano Concerto so romanti

cally conceiv ed that I

wondered what he was

hiding him self from.

Trouble

s bring more

of the same They multiply

as other liv ing things

do until sat iated with

their lust for much of

life’s eager undoing

s.

And even

its own people as with David

pursued by Saul’s king

ly power Or of The Christ

crucified for their

willing-to-

sell-him-out

Now Israel with its own

Bruteses’

daggered

for those fateful spoil

s.

When the

winds stopped

that autumn could take

on its own re luctantly

beautify ing colors

Marked as the Jewish star

with that in herent stigma

for death.

They said

he loved child

ren because of their in

nocence as if they weren’

t as spite ful as those

grown to a need for such

innocent ly self-e

vading long ings.

That self-re

cording pict

ure of Hein rich Himmler

smiling death ly-seated in

his SS 1 car receiving

the records of an aging starr

ed-Jew Lodz- ghettoed me

into a Jewish past that’

s become irre concilably

a part of my own.

Half-half

That orient

al half-smile almost-laugh

half-embarr assing half-

conceal

ing from whom

of us both half-half.

“Right to the point”

He came

“right-to-

the-point”

ed edge a bloodless

dart that marked him

out tight ly shadow

ing.

of fear of

an impotent voicea-out

Nothing to say that had

n’t been bett er said be

fore.

The inner

and the out

er world of vision and

of fancy as Van Eyck’s

surfacing a new-found

beauty so visually

self-appar

ent.

Scholar

ly eyes no

wheres-else than those in

tricate pap ering detail

s of a recon ceiving past

that left him sourced to a

nother sensed- from-being.

The word

“glad” can

take on a smiling

form if it’ s more than

just a lip- evoking

sound.

Out-timed

When color

s fade out- timed as

thought s that could

n’t hold their prim

ary' bright ness-call.

He knew

those dark

ly animal- sides that in

habited the depth of his

own being kept him lifelong on that fugitive

scent for wo manly prey.

s of his ag

ing Grasped that coldly

designed rail ing his hand-

length balanc ing those

claims from his slowly de

scending

cause.

Quick in

sights from

a nowhere’ s-his press

ing for its sudden word-

response.

That penetrat

ing fear of

winter stream ing through

his heart’ s rock-bott

omed source.

Dementia

She couldn’

t relocate herself Knew

all the sign s and stop

s but routed- wrong from a

far-off All reclaim

ing source.

Hommage a Eichendorff

When he en

tcred the woods as if

approach ing another

sense of be ing darken

ed his selffelt shadow

s to a voice less though

all-consum ing silence.

A vacant room

bared wall

s with only the sound of

shadows in habiting

their scarce ly seen pre

sence.

Do leave

s realize

their impend ing fall’

s color ing tones

so beautify ing the final

ity of their deathly re

lease.

The glory of English

IfShakes

peare had been born into

another lan guage He

wouldn’t have been

Shakespeare

Language

makes the most ofus and

this langu age most-of-

all.

Proud

The way she

dressed prin cess-like

the super iority of her

self-assuming dignity while

selling roll s Proud but of

what remained to be seen

of that not thor

oughly known.

Funeral

Why so many

guards offic ially attend

ing Death’s regular half-

hour’s inter val’s careful

ly selected words the

preacher’ s assuming

gravity that solemn approa

ch to the o pen grave

swallow ing up the

last of time’ s thorough

ly rehearsed performan

ce.

Autumn

al sunrise

lifting the transpar

"of



darkness es to the

moonless

morning’

s breath- in.

Secluded

garden

s walled- in sound

lessly flow ering their

unseen though chastely-

bright color ings.

“New lands”

they called

it as a wo man alway

s in wait ing to be re

claimed from her anxious

readiness.

of an unknown though scarce

*“On the brink”*

ly defining fall into the consuming abyss of

those cold and ashened

remains.

s need of poem’



s revealing a sanctuary

of delicate ly refin

ing beauty.

Each word’

s not only shaped to its

inherent self but part

of a phras ing sound-

sense intuit ively rebirth

ed.

A letter

from my high

school day s as if I

could still find myself

out-closed from that

cold-imper sonal build

ing that left me much

as it self remained.

“The best”

They alway

s meant “the best” for me

Though as most usual

parents that “best” mirror

ed more of themselve

s than of my own o

therwise

person

ed.

*Clarinet Concerto* (Mozart, slow mvt.)

Dark wind s the beauty

ot a sadness encompass

ing the more of us than

we could poss ibly realize.

Te Deum (Haydn) The majesty

of the Creat or celestial

ly proclaim ing his all-

consuming

light-source.

Abusing history

Some culture

s adept at using history

in their own way to change

the course of “what really

happened”.

Can music

of the most

intimate kind so con

vincing ly achieve

a unity of selfless re

sponse.

Commemora

tive poems

of the poet- laureate

kind more a display of

their own word-enchanc

ing design s.

Nonsense

makes more

sense in a world de

ceptively

escaping

from its intend

ed orbit.

The real

protest a

gainst our- times should

not only pro tect nature

but more-so protect

us from the sovereign

domain’s of human-nature.

After 30

years of marr

iage and 6 children She

simply pack ed up and

left a free woman with

no more claim s on her find

ing anything or anyone ex

cept her life- enthralling

self.

The feel of things

One could

just call it the-feel-of-

things not where or why

but simply answering

one’s unspok en but al

ways inherent ly self-re

fleeting

needs.

Early 1945

Rosemaire

on the wood ed-run from

those low- flying plane

s that would have taken

her rest less blood as

a souvenir of accurate

killing

s.

Bigger-better

those late

19th century’ s big symphon

ies as loud as their own

dimension s would re

quire Or those big canvass

es dripping- down effus

ions of pulsat ing readi

nesses.

Mystery-man

We knew he’

d been a spy behind the

German line s Radio-Free

Europe rundown in the

bright day light of 5th

Avenue New York An ex

pert on the brush-stroke

s of the old masters met

iculously in life-long

love of a wo man married

to his best friend.

After Cezanne

A still-life

bowl-of-fruit held silent

ly by its self-enclos

ing surface s in the

subtle balan cing eye-

sense.

past behind

as Lot and his wife or

those so-many German Jew

s remain ed to the

fires heat ing up their

quest for a no-where’s-

else.

Sitting

waiting for no

thing to happ en The den

sity of a moment’s

space-breath

mg.

leep’s like

silently de scending

untouch able step

s into the depths of

darknesses’

all-encom

passing quietly en

visioned

realms.

A medieval

town submerg

ed in the en veloping

mist of a timeless

ly evoking past.

Make-up

models end

cingly ilium mating papercovering’ s their glim

mering eyes and most es

pecially those white-

creamed teeth of their

s.

Matthias Claudius’ *(for Thomas)* everyday

ed me to an escpecially

close-feel sense of those

daily little- things that

reclaimed more of our

unrealiz ing intima

cies.

The soft

breath of

wind caress ing the au

tumn’s re ceptive

leaves to a love-death

cycle of fall ing color-

finds.

Swan’s song

if it real

ly became the last and

only beauti lying voice

that even these self-re

hearsing wave s soften

ing-down to an accumulat

ing gladness of response.

Chopin

without my

mother’s more than

occasion al mistake

s left me with a child

hood feel ing his nrus

ic (however correctly e

volving) could never

become quite- the-same.

For Rosemarie

Our voice

s soften ing as the

lowering of light

s to a self- finding to

gether

ness.

These late

September

leaves spread ing out a

soundless

mosaic-ex

panse of self-protect

ive reassur ing enclos

ures.

*Woman 1940* (de Kooning) Her eyes mis

placed from thought-

stream’s wind owed blue

ness through-

fading.



Sonre are so

inhabited with what

they’ve learned to

see think and feel that

they appear more like a

copy of that lost-origin

al.

Lesser-self

When he could

n’t anymore in a room

of self-chos en picture

s staring out the va

cances of his im

pending

lesser-self.

They turn

ed their e

yes away from what they

knew they shouldn’t

as if see

ing could blem

ish their o therwise “in

nocent” re spouse.

Autumn

’s decept

ive bright

ness as a wo

man sparse ly dressed

to keep one at those allur

ing interval s ofhand’

s length-a way.

One word a

lone bracing

the whole ness of that

newly “en lightened”

poem-sense.

Satisfied

Few are tru

ly satisfied as if that

“untouch able” fruit

had awaken cd the linger

ing taste for an always-

more.

Why do some

birds (and

not other s) feel that

urging irre sistible

need for flight over the moun

tain’s entomb ed-grasp

ing stillness es.

Berries

spare and

cool color ed to be

touched

classical

ly confin mg.

Harvesting (2)

1. Hot-blood

ed and cold- hearted Many

of Schnitzler’ s personae

landscap ing those o

pen plains ani mailed with the

instinct s of their

lonely harvest ings.

1. The last

of the sun

flowers Too cold to har

vest more light from

those aband oning time

ly cut-down fields.

For Rosemarie

when marr

iage still becomes

after 50 years that

one-timed room inti

mately held- through

these touch ed-silen

ces of ours.

Questioning Schnitzler

Can one be

come a some time moral

ist by mir roring through

others one’s own helpless

ly forsaken sense for

those lost but still

possibly

meaning

ful value

s.

Zelenka’

s Christmas

Mass bright ly alive to

that unearth ly light focus

ing this dark- down shadow

ing world of ours.

Upended

Putting “one’ s best foot

forward” as if those un

seen slipp ery surface

s could so easily upend

our less-fo cused though

timely approa ches.

Escape-routes

In-it be

fore a way- out as Alice

in Wonderland when life’

s become more a labyrin

th of intan gible escape-

routes.

The magic of words

Even if he’

s got noth ing to say

He says it in such a

way disguis ing its mean

ing-more.

What seem

ed the “every day” may

change with us its charnel

eon-like col ors that we e

merge as from a magic wood

secretly- sensed sur

prising ly renewed.

He lost

his fear of

death by living life

more persuas ively.

Utrecht Te Deum *(Handel)*

Handel rare

ly angeli cally light

but power fully strength

ened my sense of God’s creat

ing vastness.

When foot

notes start walking their

own sense-of- direction

leaving preformed impress

ions to a pa pering contin

uity.

Erntedankfest (Thanksgiving)

A windless

Sunday morn ing The field

s barren and bared to their

inherent naked ness Nothing

left to be offered now

except the reach of this

foreboding

stillness

silently a ware.

The Great

Divide as if

the New Coven ant birthed-

of-itself left the old

one as these barren devot

ionless field s earthed-

down.

Dried-out

dead-crumbi

ed leave s me with

that end-of- war-image

Life-deform ed corpses

piling high those untell

ing guilt-re sidues.

Handel’

s many-voic

ed strength as straightforward as a marching

cavalry re claiming

nothing less than the vi

tality of its pre-deter

mining source.

When Handel

turns his

voice with in lyrical

ly refrain ed to those

hushed-silen ces of an al

mostly other worldly de

votion.

“The law”

spiritual

ly fulfilled by Christ

Stone-faced for Paul

kept my peo pie spirit

ually alive those almost

two thousand years of e-

xile God work s wonders

darkly unimag incd.

Sun-instinct

ive insect’ s light-in

fusing midday vision

ary tract

s.

The river

slow-stream

ed into those soft

ly felt cur ves of time

less forget fulness.

Handel

and Holbein

German or Eng lish as if

transform ing their re

newed sense- for-identity.

At 74

When the day

s of the week have lost

their name- sense to a

scarcely re claiming i

dentity as if time-it

self evening out tideless

ly obscur mg.

To be old

and alone

when winter has kept one

tightly with in its bare

and barren grasping

the little left of those

lost and bright ly adorned

imagining

s.

Some succeed

as those self-

attuned grand mas and grand

pas through the wide-awaken

ing child- eyes and fear

s without es caping the loss

of their own needs for a

time-redeem ing past.

Handel

left me

littled-down by the grand

eur of his space-amass

ing self-as surance

s.

Getting a

head must

leave o thers behind

alone self- applauding

at that un timely finish

ing line.

Only-now

But a faint

reflect ion of what

had been so long forgott

en as if

time had dimm

ed to this moment of be

ing only- Now.

October

morning The

trees search ing through

their impend ing loss of

leaves me al most bared-

felt the co loring depth

of their na kedly impend

ing source.

Handel and

Milton faith-

cousins bright- darkly sourc

ed from The Creator’

s epic maj esty.

Butter

flics tilt

ing their ex pressive

ly color ing flower’

s instinct.

Remembering (3)

a) Writing it

all-out or

even all- off an im

perfect guide to re

membering those less-

explicit pap ering after

thought

s.

b) If one no

longer remem bers even

while recall ing only

those blank pages It ceas

es (however much) from

being.

1. One-way streets

What other

s remember and I’ve long-

since forgott en as that u

sual tandem between par

cuts and chil dren’s recurr

ing needs for a one-way

street.

Shaded en

closure

s in the coolness

of that clos ed-in garden

that he could almost hear

the breath-i mage of his

own voice less silence

s.

For Rosemarie

It’s only

when love be comes a keepsake intimate ly attuned

to its own sense-of-be

mg.

Mendels

sohn’s Scott

ish dance as Dvorak’s In

dian one may have taken

them (for just a heguil

ing moment) off their

firmly-set seated compo

sures.

At the end

of the road that didn’

t endless ly blue a

no-where’

s-more.

It’s only

when dance

rhythms us to the thriv

ing pulse of its self-acti

vating blood- enthusing

s.

Mendels

sohn at his

best fine- sensing its

sourccd- through trans

parent awaken ings.

Should a

preacher ad

here to the needs of his

self-reali zing parish

Or should he stand above

both Godtending His

imperisha ble word-flesh

ed birthed- designs.

This room

(the poet’s)

has its own way of draw

ing me in to its dark

ly composed pre-ordain

ed silenc ings.

Does the

poet write

for his most ly unknown

audience Or must he

himself be poemed-

through for that

word’s (as yet) inde

scriba ble need

s.

*3’d Quartet* (Shostakovich)  
That mock-in

nocence of his circular

theme’s a lonely voice

walled-into its no-ways-

out.

Op 18,6 Quartet *(Beethoven)* A rhythmic

dialogue as Haydn (his

master) had done But an

almost off-bal anced intens

ing that melan choly slowvoiced flow.

Weather

talk’s not

small but a heavenly

reaching- down to cloud

our mood’ s self-corn

posing still nesses.

A la Schnitzler (2)

a) Flower-calls

When women be

come for some a self-satis

fying urge An untouch

ed landscape seeded with

one’s own self illumin

ating flower- calls.

b) Those bee’

s wander-

routes perfum ing their

daily round s with empty-

scented flow erings.

The Sandras

Those as

Sandra who know what

they want pressing to

have it now ever-sooner

losing it as a butter

fly netted to its own

need for flight.

*By chance?* (AnsweringJ. B. Bury) They may have

been seeming ly chance-

ways that led us either

here or e ven their side-

routes But only at the

end when time has evened-

out we came to realize

it’s always s having been

meant just- that-way.

Time-being

Life phase

s us (how ever obscure

ly sensed) into its

own perspec tived timebeing.

Those hidd

en faces Mask

ed as in a Greek tragedy

that couldn’ t see how far

we’d been search ing them

through.

Disguised

Do wc all

live disguis ed most-near

ly from our selves that

hide and seek through

blind-fold ing inreveal

ing darkness es.

Aloned

Those who

live alone Roomed to

those four- walled-in si

lences rare ly answer

ing back.

Dark room

s hollowed

sound thump ing at the

heart-beat of her fear

ed-exposure

s.

Bright-eyed

Her brighteyed “I know some

thing you don’t know”

as if my in knowing eye

s could brigh ten-out that

way too.

Talk-shows

talking out

those indwell ing silenc

es like hang ing old cloth

es out to be dried from

extra use.

He squeezed

the last drop

out of that orange nectar

until his hands harden

ed to an in sufficient

clawed-

thereness.

October’

s dark sun s when the

rains have left but a

wishful re minder of sum

mer’s ilium inating dis

tancing

s.

Identical

twins(des

pite appearan ces) not so

much the same if raised

and felt in to a differ

ing world’ s self-reali

zing.

Differently

He heard it different

ly this time Had he chang

ed or was it the music in

terpreted another way

Or what was performed be

fore or af ter his hear

ing it diff erently.

You just

can’t erase

that everpresent

blackboard from Miss

Dudley’s un apprecia

ble smile Mistakes

should stay right there

eyes-up keep ing you

long-time a ware!

Weathering

A rain-wash

ed Saturday away from

its usual free-time

appearan ces weather

ing in o ver-expos

ed monoton ed wetness

es.

*Eb Mass* (Schubert D. 950)

That fright

ening last movement of

Schubert’s last mass

fatefully

rehearsing

his own Day of Judgment

The calling of all flesh

from the depth of their voice

less alone liness.

*Answering* (Wallace Stevens) The poem

isn’t Godlike If so-

seen an em pty idol of

ungodly self- expressive

ness.

Dark sileti ccs only the

word can re veal those

vastly un touchable

distanc

es.

The impress (for Neil) ionists could

only pretti fy the mysti

cally masked- depths of

the snow’ s awakening

light.

Brueghel

alone help

ed us real ize why the

seasons deter mine so much

of time’s un touchable

awareness

es.

The American

dream (at

times closer to a night

mare) waken ing up now

to its lost identity.

Those haunt

ed images of

her past (however

hard she tried) could

n’t simply be cleansed away

kept return ing as dust

accumulating its own sense-

for-being.

It rained

so long it

seemed as if the autumned

flowers had been washed-

out of all their color

ing’s paled from scent

and touch.

Van Eyck’

s portrait

s closer to a still-

life inward ly self-in

yoking.

October

moon increa

sing the in tensity of

night’s ex posing dark

nesses.

When his eye

s simulat

ing that ap parent dark

ness as a cat’s lightawakening.

Trees in

visibly grow

ing the dark through the

height of its shadow

ing appear ances.

*Poets* (to the memory of Wordsworth) who don’t

love child ren become

sourced-out from their in

nate life-ap pealing

growth-in

stinct

s.

The mind a

lone is like

a kite aloft tensing hand

s without that flow-feel

of unspoken winds-adrift.

Scientist

s home in

their artifi cial labora

tories with the exactness

of papered e quations

Whereas a poet

breathes the life of un

explored

sense-feel

mgs.

Her voice

seemed to

float not really earthy-

grounded but as if life

was really where it

wasn’t an other place

perhaps e ven another

timed.

Temptation

’s that Adam

and Eve’s given- too-much for

wanting that otherwise

more off-bound’ s self-appeal

mg.

Explained away

Poems often

endanger ed from their

becoming ex plained a

way from their mysterious

untouchable

appearan

ce.

The ideal

ofbeauty

continuous ly chang

ing color s But still

standing-up to its time

lessly selfexpressing.

It’s one of

those dark-

dismal day s so-much-

so that e ven words

seem used- out before

they inescap ably come-

to-mind.

The how-one-

says-it’s e

ven more so of the what

ofbeing’ s said.

Night cease

lessly incom ing as dark

waves shored from their

restless ly uneasing

rhythmic-

flow.

This harvest

moon bright er than the

mind can real ize awaken

ing those pre voiced rest

less tide s of mine.

If love’

s the mea

sure and mean ing of all

things Then Christ was cru

cified as its most intimate

ly self-reveal ing.

At the end

he aged in

to the dark ness of night’

s unrequit ing all-envel

oping time- flow.

“The rest is silence” *(Shakespeare)*

a return to what isn’t

by always s being

there.

Hcindel

may have chang

ed with the musical fash

ions of the time however

opportune It still real

ized his unmistak

able voice.

Sounds-sensing *(forS. L.)*

Does a pian

ist finger that music

to life Or is it the

music finger ing him in

to its tonal ities of soundsensing.

That unlimited sense

It’s that un

limited sense that can size

us down over stepping those

bounds from what-should-

have-been.

Secret diplom

acy’s more

the way we talk inside

ourselve s so incon

elusive ly overhear

mg.

*Free will?* (answering Schnitzler) If there’

s a no-turn ing-back

(who can be certain of

that) Why not route it

otherwise it’s forcing

you (fully a wares) to-

the-brink.

Traitors

The real trait ors are those

who sell-out on themselv

es Not real ly turncoats but as nakedly in

dined as Adam and Eve.

He’s the type

who couldn’

t recognize his own pic

ture look ing back at

a touch ed empty-

eyedness.

A poet

doesn’t re

cord new i deas But he

idea’s word fully inre

vealing.

Dark-day

s that childlike fear of the unseen

unknown per meating

the depths of his very-

being.

These over-

satiated

green leave s as person

s who’ve seen too much of

life fear ing death by

holding on to what’s be

come only less secure

ly known.

It’s easier

to advise from the min

inister’s self- adorning ped

estal than taking that

lesson for one self as if im

niune to those down-below

back-staired

problem

s.

My dear

Rosemarie

pillowed in the soft

ening cloud- flow of most

ly angelic dreams.

*Gletlfl Gould* (Goldberg Variations) realizing

that music’ s a dialogue

of more than fingers have

known hum ing back to

Bach’s inter ior-spacial

sense-of-mean

mg.

Reading bet

wcen-the-line

s as if scan ning a face

that says more than

it appear s to mean.

Yellow

mg leave s as those

time-lost

wrinkles

that age by one’s

just look ing at.

Nothing

starts from

the begin ing’s alway

s imperfect ly pre-ordain

ed the final form self-

creating anew beginn

mg.

The “idea of

progress” still inhabits our

own cultural preception

s The new (as with Beethoven)

not a better-be yond the classi

cal Haydn and Mozart but a

differing

aesthetic

only to be measured by

its own self- calling.

Still-stand

If time could

stand-still as an appre

ciable monu ment What

would become of our own

timeful ly evolving.

“Of two minds”

He may have

been of “two minds” but the

other-one del icately re

fined to those scarcely touch

ed snow-felt moment

That cool

mid-autumn

al lit Pink in

to one of his rarif

ied secret ly enlighten

ed self-encom passing mo

ments.

Is autumn’s

but a soul

less premoni tion of win

ter’s death- haunting si

lences Or a beautified

summer’s

longing

s colorful ly describ

mg.

Sweet

thought

s and ten der leave

s gardened in spring

left him re motely Schu

bertian brae ing for the

cold winter s death-

spell.

Of all month

s only Octob er realize

s that hard- touched berr

ied claims to a classi

cal trans parency.

John Sadowsky

I remember

him still as the first

who found his way to my un

touchable

sensitivi

ty Opened its blood-vessel’

s merciless ly time-en

thused.

Novalis

realmed

the night’ s brooding

stillness

beautify

ing its un fathom

able distan cmg light-

source.

Mozart’

s Queen of

the Night voiced with

all our light- threaten

ing unresolv ing darkness

es within.

The truth

may hurt e

ven blood-re leasing

But if it is n’t love-

sourced it can’t justi

fy its own self-decid

ing aim s.

Pink fashion

ed that bright Oct

obcr day se cured in his

own sense of self-import

ance braidcd- colored de

signs of his knightly cost

uming claim s.

Rowing (for Ingo) those even-

handed rhyth mic claim-

routes for a still undecid

ing though self-emerg

ing finish ing line

s.

Question

ing whate

ver one will revive the i

mage of that scarcely un

known source.

Does art

at its best

change the taste of the

time Or is it a reflect

ion of that transpar

ent image on water or

glass.

top-of-a-

A little

tree bird listening

to the still

ness of its

own si lently e

choing

voice.

but that

small child balancing

her bicycle’ s eye-awared

to a stead ily for

wards-ahead.

Dark room

night-inhabi ted so that

even touch seems silen

ces awake moon-intent.

Night wind

s softly im

mersing the darkness

cs of time- spell.

Contrasts (2)

1. Haydn’

s adagios

so intimate ly spoken

and yet dis tancing us

from the true source

of its crea tive time

lessness.

1. Beethoven

at the storm’

s center so closely per

soned that we seem

totally un able (even un

willing) to loosen his

grasp for getting us

out.

Morning

mysterious

ly awaken ing its mut

ed light-be coming pre

sence.

Van Eyck

with his

(at time s) wing

cdless an gel’s earth-

bound beauty heavenly-

jewelled.

Seeing

(as Shakes

peare) with “the mind’

s eye” reveal ing even more

of those un spoken si

lences.

“I believe

(Lord) help

my unbeliev ing self’

As if faith had become

momentar ily losing its

hold on the needs for our

self-renewing.

Abraham M. Bartholdy

(Felix Mendelssohn’s father)

Changing

names as if your “higher

culture” en abled you to

deny your low ly Jewish

ness The Hit lers will find

you out what’ s behind the

name hiding from that o

ther-side-of

self.

Art only

becomes arti

ficial as self-anoint

ed flowers when the scent’

s been taken out of their

color’s per meating phras

es.

They lower

ed the light

s until those dark water

s began slow ly rising

through the tideless

waves of our mind’s in

coming depth.

Sterile

Nothing’

s more ster ile than a

clinic chos en with arti

ficial flower s and their

accomodat ing self-fash

ioning smile.

Ours an

agnostic

age assuming a superior

ity of earth ly claims

yet vaguely mirroring

only that pale image of

a lost-pur suing faith.

Heart-beat

he rarely

heard it speaking a

loud but then suddenly real

izing its on going not

quite time lessly lifeconceiving presence.

Ship-of-fools

They could

hardly remem her that final

on-board call ing them to

a common i tinerary’

s manned-full flying its

own porten tuous flag

ged skull and bones.

2nd Commandment *(Moses)*

Those parent s creating

their child ren in their

own unfulfill

ing image of

a differ ing age and

personed o therwise

than they could scarce

ly find-them- out.

Guide-lines

as there were

no guidelines left

(not even the 10 command

ments) e mancipated

from all but their

self-pursu ing aim’s crea

ting an allsurrounding

and yet inde finable lone

liness last ly from self.

*Goethe’* (Urfaust, Faust I)  
s Gretchen

though pupp et-like

too naive to  
be more than

a child-like symbol outgrew

her growing  
up lost from

a self she’ d never real

ly become.

If Catherine

in Hemingway’

s A Farewell  
to Arms was

really his first love

secretly fern  
inine-seclud

ed Why were  
his afterward

s-women only of those sporty

superfi dally mascu

line-type.

The Great Gatsby

It’s those

specially sensed plac

es that peo pie longer

and lasting ly like Jay

Gatsby’s glass palace or

that dead-end no-place of

death and se duction.

The bright

coloring

s of these death-confin

ing leave s but a mir

ror of these sun-exposing

days darkly self-conceal

ing.

This train’

s moving a

head while leaving be

hind as if time’s two-

direction ing its us

ually uncer tain future.

Everything

about her im

plied a dull ed sense-of-

being more there than any

where else still-stand

ed.

Long stret

ches of sound less street

s that one could almost

hear that dis tant echoing

of feared pre monition

s.

Uneasy

sleep as if

those unremem bered dream

s living a live his phan

tom escape- routes.

October

cool clear

and cleans ing its vast

ly color ing-down ap

parition s.



that only-es

cape in a sha dowless money-

minded world of facts and

figures that don’t even

add-up right.

Some per

sons seem to

look through me to that

other-side of self-de

ception.

Two-levelled

Arc we (then)

two-levell ed person

s The one streeted to

surfacing

artificial

inclinat ions while

the other most-al

ways im mersed in

substrated

self-dia

loguing

s.

This night’

s beyond its

depth of see ing where

so encompass ing that e

ven dream s have lost

their own sense-of-feei.

Dark night’

s shadow

less presence as if we’

d become en veloped in

to the depth s of a per

sonless self.

Lights on

suddenly

across the way before the

morning’s dawn awared

me to how ar tificial

our own sense- ofbeing’

s become.

streams dy

ing-down to that untouch

able pulse of where si

lence reign s.

Cliche

s that thought

less process oflcvell

ing words down to that bar

ed image of their once

minted-value.

There may

be other plan

ets out beyond the reach of

our knowing where But this

one’s so myster iously guiding

my eyes through its undiscov

ered darkened- phrasing

s.

Through

those darken ing tree

s he heard a seldom un

seen bird coloring

its chosen sense-insong.

This morn

ing’s slow

ly spread ing itself

out as a spider webb

ed in the realms of its own en compassing

self.

Dance-form

These soft wind-express

ive branch es interweav

ing the leave’ s forgotten

memories.

Parallel tracks

These alway

s parallel tracks beyond

the length of seeing where

distance s would be

defining them selves out.

s lining

these va cant street’

s frontal view of al

ways self lessly watch

ing.

Fogs

clouding

his sense- from-view my

sterious ly time-en

closing.

Inbetweened

Man or woman

she or he seemed some

where inbet weened two-

sided possi bly self-creat

ing.

These fog

s so untouch

ably measur ing the depth

of those un seen distan ces of our s.

When in

the secrecy

of night’s prevailing

darkness did those

first fresh ly-October

frosts reaff irm the beauty

of death’s unrelent

ing source- claims.

A long dis

tant view of

a lone per son spreading

his shadow a cross a field

of seed-down harvesting

s.

The train

started as

if from it self sound

lessly ahead to a nowhere

s of last ly finding-

out.

And what if

they didn’t

reappear Per ennials bloom

ing each year same place col

oring a rout ine of un

changeable

thcreness.

Two identities

that should

have merged at the center

Christian and Jew the

one speak ing through

those blood- streamed a

wareness es The o

ther all-of- a-person’

s more-than- that unrecon

ciling.

If “the pen

speaks loud

er than the sword” It

must be a gilely adept

sharpened to a time

less sense- of-meaning

Inked even deeper than

that blood ed freeflow.

These autum

nal trees

rising to the silent height

s of their mysterious

ly light-awak enings.

He inhabit

ed an official

look about his wcll-groomcd

cloth-through smiled an offhand though all-the-more

steadfast

appear

ance.

That little

dog’s outstand

ing ear’s thoughtful

ly self-atten ding.

Rachael’

s eyes diamond- crystal allur

ingjacob’ s soundless

ly fathom ed depth.

He believed

what he want

ed to believe usually the

best of a sit uation But he

could become so critical

ly intent that 1 couldn’t

believe it was the same father

who tried most unsuccess

fully to grow- me-up in like-

manner.

Rain incom

ing thought s however

distant clouding o

ver that feel of unresolv

ing quietude

s.

Late autumn

the sweet

smell of smoke as this fad

ing moon’s re mcmbrance

of what can’ t quite be

brought-

back-to-

mind.

Where do

those overreaching black birds die o

minously cir cling the

sky within their time-

forsaking deathly pre

monition

s.

Desk-light

woodened

touch of an elusive

poem felt- down to

form its pregiven size.

Stone-sensed

city absorb

ing the per cussive

sounds of shadow

ing sensi bilitie

s.

For Rosemarie

Ifbcauty’

s become its only proof

speaking for itself a wo

man must prove that worth

of chaste- modesty ap

pealing to the density of

its truly intrinsic

form.

Can the

night real

ize its own successive

waves of darkness

es within.

Carmen

voiced from

a differ ing culture

and time-a wareness

sang herself into those

remote dream s of my fath

er’s longing for a peace

able rest.

Can one

hide as Adam

and Eve from the naked

life-source of one’s own

shadowing

being.

No one else

How much can

one take Not wanted but al

ways return ing to a lady

who didn’t need her until

there was no one else.

Swallow

ing one’s

pride heav ier even than

lumped-cereal causing a

residual blockage of

the main streams of

one’s tenta tively reviv

ing sense- from-being.

Praying

for one’s e

nemies as Christ slow

ly shadow ing those hid

den depths of one’s own

alter-ego.

“Foolish

consisten

cies” implie s a self-con

cealing gramm ar of one’

s own less-sel ective being.

Mirroring

Only the i

mage of him self mirror

ing back a no-way-

through those glass

facades as if he’d

become only an image

of where he wasn’t.

Whisper

ing secret

ly under-brea th as shadow

less smoke e vading the

form of its very-being.

Sabbath

The candle

s’ lit an in ner unbespok

on darkness as if some

thing more than silence

indwelling

there.

The piano

attuned to

the needs of her finger

ing a word less depth of

self-discover

ings.

Do we all

need a pro

tecting an gel often a

gainst our own will Wing

ed from the realms of a

higher sense- for-being.

Only after

the wind

ing ways of a rivered

self-becom ing could he

realize an unseen fore

ing the now of a not-o

therwise-be

mg.

Audiences

Was Haydn’s

London more sophisd

cated to his oft-self-iron

ical wit than that

star-studded

one-of-our

long-winded to finger-

feelings and emotional

over-lease.

If

“no man’s an

island” why do we so

long for an island-se

elusion from a world

that still re mains outside

the realms of our predescribing landing-

rights.

Haydnesque

as he realiz

ed that theme’s intri

cacies from e very end

playing it so deftly

self-conceal ing that it

seemed even- the-more anony

mously his.

Flower

s so soft

that even touch melt

ed into streams of

dreamful

coloring

s.

Dark beginn

ings as the eyes become

accustom ed to what

they can hard ly envision

reaching-out that seldom

void of space less silen

ces.

Answering Tolstoy (5)

1. The meaning

of art’s deeper view of life’

s realizing

the always known

as it wasn’ t quite just-

that-way be fore.

1. The later

Tolstoy oft

religion ed his art

beyond that invisible

line of self- expressive

ness.

1. It’s of

not-so-much

what one has-to-say

but more that way of

saying it' s rightly-

true.

1. “L’etat c’est moi”

Dictator s create

their own people in

to a self-siz ed kingdom

as Tolstoy dimension

ed his later art beyond

the bounds of it’s own real

izing where.

1. Turgenev (1882)

with his

smaller yet precisely

sensitive

self-suffi

cient art would have

death-bedded the greater

Tolstoy to a vow of

much-the-same hardly again

realized.

For Rosemarie

Love is be

cause there’ s a continu

ity of timechanging

always that intimate

sameness of becoming

ours.

If the blind

could only

dream in col oring those

musical tone s escaping

tenuous ly through

their near ing flow.

Puffed-up

Exceeding

oneself as a blowfish

puffed up to its ever-expand

self-in 'iting con

in:

cerns.

Clouded

She didn’t

know which way out or e

ven if there was an out

of her cloud ed no-other

place of be ing there -

now.

Gericault

at the face

of a nrad- killer could

n’t eye- through his

own self-re fleeting

thereabout

s.

On Chinese Art *(forNeil) (5)*

1. The fine

ness of a Chinese

bird slend erly touch

ed to its coloring-

finds.

1. Chinese

landscape

space-reveal ing not only

the seen but its in

dwelling trails parencie

1. Nudes

often meant

to glorify man’s almost

celestial beauty Where

as the Chin ese pre-dress

ed ever-so- chastely-

time-felt man’s decora

ting ever- daily being.

1. When the

poet color

lessly paint s and the

painter word lessly in

scribing a sense-unity

of timeless appearan

ces.

1. An elite-

aristocrat

ic communal art that rare

ly discern s the street-

levels of the poor and

hopeless ly disposs

essed.

Wheel-chaired

Holding on

to the wheel chaired

her thought s around until

she was grasp ing on to

more than space could

possibly al low.

Crutches

walk us

their own rhythmi

cally adept at sound

ing the floor s out dir

ection-wise.

As Macbeth

realized

the woods merg ing into

their dark ly foreboding-

nearness as if time it

self had been calling them

successive ly forth.

This clinic

on the Starn

bergersee a house of

out-used

body-parts

as skeletal bones renewing

their claim s of an arti

ficial life- renewing

wellness.

It was death

they couldn’ t face on its

own terms Tolstoy Goethe

and the o ther-such un

willing to cede their

living-claim s for a

vast sense of self-super

iority.

sons heavy-

*Aging per*

down with their thought

less mentor ies of an ir

retriev able past

forming dee per shadow

s than their lessening

life-feel could bare

ly support.

and faith



not fame and renown can

redeem a timeless

sense of life’s in

creasing ly self-fill

fillment.

God his part

ner” (the last on a

long list of business as

sociates) left God

little choice but to bless

his daily deeds money-

wise.

Sleep over

comes as death

darkness mg even dee

per than time can

possibly

realize.

fog a ghost

ly world phan toming un

touchable

silence

s.

This over

flow of leave

s immensing colored de

signs of all-encom

passing sound- depths.

Dual-identity

as a poet

for the sel ective few

of mind and more than com

mon sensibil ity As a priest

bending to Christ’s love

for all and any who have

been called to His redeem

ing word.

Lost

in the crowd

until he be came as the

others indis tinctly sha

dowing a voiceless

sense-from-

being.

That late

October

light-invok ing moon

mirroring the tides'of

a darkly dis tant shore.

“On the wrong side”

She got“on

his wrong side” as if

he had be come room

cd-through all those

many door s that may

have left him vacant

ly center less.

A lingeringfear

(perhaps once

dreamed through a

moonless

night)

that he’d found the

wrong way out and could

n’t realize the where of

having-been-

lost.

Time-touch

When the fish

dead-float ing their sur

facing color s and the dc

sert sound lessly increa

sing its ster ile advance

He may have looked twice

in the mirror realizing

his own a ging time-

touch.

On Chinese Art (2)

1. ***as if***

each flower however common

ly distinct scenting

an inner life of its

own.

1. an art

without sha (lowing or

mirroring and yet so

poetical ly refining

a pre-given landscap

ing one’s most intim

ate interior preception

s.

Light-blue

times finely

dressed in wind-trans

cending ap pearance

s.

Prevorst

He didn’t

know that town had been

haunted But as they drove

nearer a strange fear

overcame him as if

there would n’t be a way

for getting- out.

Writing

in the dark

though the lights hadn’

t gone out of these poems’

inwardly form ing their

self-quiet ing reflect

ions.

Warren

why should

1 write on poem when

poems rights (writes) it

self out.

Through

the morning’

s late dark ness these

shadowless trees slow

ly merging into their

silent a wareness

es.

Sleep’

s imagin

ary world voiceless

ly a live to those sun

ken realm s of ship’

s abandon ing treas

ures.

Family-tree

The day they

cut down his family-tree

to its stump ed bottom

ness He felt that lonely

branchless

personing

its own self- being.

Do the blind

feel the touch

of color ing through

their own dark ly apparent

presence.

That slow

**down** time-of-

life measur ing even the

length of our indwelling

moods though always reali

zing those slow-timed

musical ly spirit

ual depth s.

For Franz *(4)*

1. Allegri's Miserere

as if the

need for giveness ans

wering it self heaven

ly-attuned.

1. Piano Concerto 2

(Shostakovich slow mvt.)

A change of

time even of person Shosta

kovich assurn ing an unlike

ly pose of long-outdat

ed romantic puritie

s.

1. Air (Bach, Goldberg Variations)

Glen Gould

out of his deeper/dark

er instinct s for touch

ing an almost numbed voice

humming re sponsive ac

cords.

1. Romance in F (Beethoven)

The “roman

tic Beethoven”

(heroics a

side) attuned his violin

to an almost longing sweet

ness heaven ly aspiring.

Autumnal

moon darkly

voiced through those forest-

depths of im pending self-

denial.

Those self-

secluded morn

ing fogs my stcrious

ly awaken ing their

hidden in-be coming light-

voices.

November

trees half-

nakedly assem bling the

rest of their death-taint

ed leave s a broken

army retreat ing from its

down-fallen

loss.

Writing

out of the

darkness words lightforming as these tree

s sunken in reverie

s of dream- contemplat

ion.

Our jovial

face-find

ing doctor smiling a

transcient cause of his

own self-find ing satisfact

ions.

Something a

bout her depth-

imploring eye s insist

ing a message not yet quite

self-reveal

ing.

For Rosemarie

Those most hid

den of all treasure

s may be found in the depth

s of our own self-reveal

ing love.

“Words of wis

doin’’ are most

ly those we’ ve realized

too late for living-them-

live.

Honesty

can only

fully real ize itself

when love’ s at the

true-source of its very-

being.

The dead

should be

seen as if they’re still

living no bett cr or worse

Otherwise we’re simply

writing our own inscript

ions on their uninhabit

ing dead-down stones.

Faith

may be follow

ing some as a stray dog

without a master oft

wordless ly unseen

but then sudd enly reappear

ing when we thought lie’

d lost track on us.

Dream boat’s water

s easing one silently in

to the wave s of time

less forget fullness.

Piano Quartets *(Mozart)* The piano

so intimate ly voicing

Mozart’s own lyrical soul

fullness.

Medicin

al rooms as

artificial ly sterile as

mannequin’ s clean-teeth

ed touchless smiles.

A hard night

she had of

it pain-shot through mem

ories of an ice-down fall’

s long past a wareness

es.

Light-impress

ive clouds

streaming the horizon

s across morn ing’s short-

leased appear ances.

Curtain’

s transpar

encies moon- dimmed into

their seclud cd interior

realms.

Such a beau

tcous death these sound

less color ing’s infold

ing quiet udes so gent

ly death-re leasing.

Too late

We came too

late (time often offsets our own self-plann

ing scheme s) Dead at

the bottom of stairs

not a word left only

that blood less self-ac

comodat ing smile.

Sleepless

nights as a

boat drift ing from its

moorings with only a pale

moon to light its unknown

course time lessly recurr

ing.

After his

wife’s pro

tracted dy ing He too

left all be hind except

an indistin ct but alway

s plaguing sense-of-

guilt.

When Christ

died at the

cross a dark ness over

came that land that

no one ex cept Christ

himself could fathom

the depth of its unseen

cause.

Feelings

Some as El

Greco ecstat ically answer

ing a special need within

their own o verwrought

psyche Or the late 19th cen

tury bombast over-felt with

its special display for

feeling ness I per

sonally pre fer contrail

ed feeling s turned in

ward spirit ually spaceinvoking.

small size

*That*

spider hung to the wind

dow’s finely woven

hours-on-end

time-holding

his invisib ly-apparent

appetite.

Shakespeare

the best of

us after turn ing life from

the ups to the downs in

versely so retired to

his little hometown an

honored citi zen in a world

quietly same d and for him

(perhaps)

seductive

ly too real to be true.

40 rooms

in rows-of-

four black- wooded to a

sameness of view as

if the pat ient’s pain-

length had also adapted

to such par allcl intent

ions.

Down to the

depth of that

soundless deep a dark

so complete that only

those strange ly light-in

habited fish could reveal

the close ness of one’

s own touch- sense.

of a house

that could fulfill their

loving need s for a fut

ure together ness After

years of plann ing and hard

work It fin ished them

off that em pty house and

their love emp tied of all

future mean ings.

When Vladimir

Putin a KGB

man kissed those sacred

icons even the heavenly a

flamed candle s blushed-

for-shame at the very-sight.

Klee’s child-mind

cd color ings as if

its world a play-thing of

possible future em

bellishing

retreat

s.

Romance

(Carl Stamitz, 2ml Cello Concerto, slow mvt.) Some melodie

s carry us a long as streamexpressing currents of their far-off continuous ly sound-call mgs.

November 7

This day

standing

motionless

there The trees half-na

ked blemish cd at their

coloring source Time

itself rest lessly still

ed.

Keeping a

live remembran

ces with re curring half-

forgotten i mages of the

dead lively re newed.

snake with

its cruel and watchful eye

s stares an innocent

frog in its tracks So does

the fear of death claim

that all of what we are

or could possibly be

come.

We’ve not

the least of

a chance a gainst that

immortal e nemy of our

s timeless ly prepared

to strike at now or any

other tenta tively with

holding those lasting mo

merits of our s.

ibly time was

*His invis*

up That clock stopped o

ver night couldn’t be

rewound for even a soli

tary moment left him help

lessly alone.

chance left



the power of love and faith

transcend ing the utter

darkness of death’s blind

mg claims on us.

Love and death

in the trag

ic theatre almost as i

identical twins perhap

s (also) be cause love

must kill our lone sensc-of-

identity.

When

what one most

ly wants to say over-bear

ing the mean s of say

ing it poem s out-ofreach.

Those mount

ains ring us with their im

movable archa ic sense of

a pre-history not ours but

their dead-a lively

ness.

Does the

fine light—

transpar encies of im

pression ism reflect

the true na ture of French

sensibil ity Or was it

above all sourced by

Monet’s a cutely aware

eye-sense.

At the Queen (2)

a) Elizabeth

(Sissy) hotel in Feldafmg

heavenly four- stared admira

bly silver- set an almost

enchanted pre sence The wait

ers dressed e veil finer than

their Sunday best keeping

watchful eye s on every dish

as if a sacred offering from

their hidden but apparent

ly elabor ate god-send.

b) an almost

unspeak

ably chosen place for the

selective few candle

s whisper ing a world

that isn’t anymore its

still rarely attired mo

ments-of-now.

Autumn

brightly

thinning down that na

kcd appear ance of lost

children (those ash

ened fire s) that

couldn’t be called back

Homed.

Haydn’s Sun

rise quartet’s

1st movement as if the morn

ing’s light a process of on

comings until at the last

fully claimed.

A behind-the-

counter girl

who could only think in

dollars and cents When she

heard that pleasing ring

ing up of a nothcr sale

She mostly smiled some

where deeply inside but

scarcely no ticeable

for other s.

If Shakespeare’s

plays (the

best of them) are timeless

ly always-now Why bring them

up-to-a-dat cd one-sided

rehearsal of minor pre

sent day pro blems.

Handel

so robustly

self-assured

sturdily

striding a length of

never-a-doubt of saying it

otherwise

Rightly!

Hein del

needs no in

traduction He’s there

fully-so e ven before

the beginn ing arouse

s a sense of total complet

ion.

Dual-image

That pain-

felt picture with Ardon or

Ernest waiting behind the clos

ed-door as an errant child

sternly to be audienced at

my father’s law office

Whereas 1 (just for a

moment) my father’s only

son really proud or what

I didn’t e

ver become.

M. S.

warned “you

don’t have to say every

thing” But when I did

It hurt the- most those

closest to my self-en

deavouring

tongue.

Forbidden

fruits as

with Aesop’ s fox too

high for-the- reaching Or

those tasti est Faust and

Gretchen to an eternal

loss-at-self.

The stranger

It’s often

the stranger who realize

s the most DeTocqueville

that French- aristocrat

’s deepest A merican guide

Handel the tru ly “English”

Purcell-succ

essor Or as

I’ve become in mind as in

spirit “The last of the

German-Jew

The yacht

(though not

the most-mod ern-best)

still luxur iated their

smaller dis tanced need

s for wavc- frccd thought-

excursions Until one night

they return ed a bit pretimed to find another fancier-

full had taken their always

docking-place.

(as they say)

*Does*

“grass real ly grows o

ver” the blood- ruins of per

sons and pla ces still haunt

ed with a depth of unrealiz

ing life-view.

Night-of-crystals

the beginn

ing of the end a warn

ing to get out even if

they couldn’ t stay either

A brilliant- bright late

autumn day with the

leaves burn ing aflame

higher than even death

could poss ibly record.

Living-low

the time

s more than apparent

not a word too many as

they’d find him out so

secretly that he’d al

most lost

that named-birth

ed sense-to self.

The lost hotel *(at Feldafing)* a strange

wood-terra ced window

ed house six storied a

late 19th century

time-escap ing enclosur

ed view.

Full moon

through half-

barren tree s mirror

ing a depth of express

ive loneli ness.

An off-center type

He was an

off-center type One had

to rebalance one’s own

sense-for- view to dis

cover a straight

ness about his walk-

thought s or what

ever he could n’t be direct

ly exposed.

Some women

must be care

fully watch ed-over

(if not ex actly caged-

in) because their feminine-

softness may seem inviting

ly-malleable for other men’

s use She was a singer be

queathed with more inward vi

brations than most could ac

quire in a life-time But

it was sure ly her vast

ly alluding eyes that kept

her off-track to a mostly

unawared hus band.

Answering Adorno

If the Ausch

witz fire s have still

ed the poetic- beautifying

ones as well That hate and

fear remain un answered in a

world that needs more than

ever beauty prayer and a

truth be yond that

evil encom passing Ausch

witz one.

Holbein

Junior’s Self- portrait at

45 looking us past its

self-conscious willful strength

fully self- acquired that

certainty of future oncoming succ esses.

Why that

need to de

fend (as with Klee’s self-

satisfying

middle-class

bourgeois

life-style)

True artist s (not those

so-success ful posing

ones) aren’t outside the

scope of trad itional value

s but inside the hypocri

ses and incon sistencie

s of their own fabled o

therwise

ness.

Phantom car-

lights cruis ing through

a deepening fog myster

iously awaken ing those for

gotten realm s of sunken

pre-histor ic silence

s.

So many

today(not

only in Anier ica) with

blank char acterless fa

ces as a tree without

its ringed- growth deep

ly embedded Earthed!

Change-of-guard

It’s only

when life isn’ t ours for-

the-hold ing unknown

hand of o thers as

those flesh- blooded sur

geons watch ing ever-so-

carefully the continu

ously for eign life-

streams.

Hans Holbein jr.

His work so

steady-secur ing form arti

culating per son and the

symbolic con tinuity of

place But as Caravaggio

passionate ly alert

quick with the knife blood-a

rousing.

After season

on the lake

the silent shore listen

ing to our very-step

s as if e choing its

timeless re solve contin

uing.

Anonymous

Some person

s will alway s remain anon

ymously sha dows of them

selves out-ofreach untouch

ably sound less.

Hurt-pride

wounded to

that untouch able source

Swelling a pain inward

ly unresolv ing.

Some last

ing moment

s persistent ly-there sur

facing those deeper water’

s restless ly wavc-in

tent.

Moralist

s asserting

a protect ive word-pow

er Walled a gainst their

latent adulter ous instinct

s.

(fit’s

all-been-said

before It lose s its said-

for-being as cloth weared

down to a thread-bare

ness Those al ways-truths

to be true to themselves

must reword the feel of

their being- so anew.

Catharsis?

Boxing the

body out of its animal-

led instinct s only in

tenses those war-killing

desires.

*Foy* them (the Ditrers, Holbeins, DaVincis) penctrat

ing the blood and mind of

man sourced in the image

of their crea tor’s will.

*“It* all comes back to (haunt) us” (Strindberg)

those ghost

s of the un written past

November ed through

the fogs of in decipher

able day’s e lusively re

creating.

Vacant

sounds spac

ing the depth of these

wind-ooen

i

ing times.

Fog-night

ghostly appar

ent that e veil our most

chosen and intimate

words hollow ing out touch

evasive ly unreali

zing.

That unrecorded past

Does even the

unrecorded past retain

a presence of its own

as these used clothes my

father gave for me Are

they unknown to him inhab

iting that unrecorded

and mostly forgotten

past of his.

Life-blood

If life’s in

the blood-trans fusions a soulful part of my selfbeing Have I exchanged per

sons secret ly reclaim

ing the i dentity of

another.

Holbein ’

s self-portrait

at 45 tight ly hard-boned

visagcd one just as ready

to the knife as the paint

er’s intent ly self-defin

ing.

Holbein s Erasmus from

Rotterdam

closely

mind-eyed the touch-

feel of that scholar’

s invisible awareness.

Minister’s house (Malmsheim) When we mov

ed into our half-millenium

old wood-up holding rever

end’s house fully alive to

our own presen

ce as it

took-us-in (as it had

so many be fore) to its

centuries of time-recurr

ing faith- needs.

The nightly return *(Pforr 1809)* A mysterious

silence o vercomes

the darkness of that night

ly scene while a single can

die awakens a brighten

ed recognit ion of his un

expected re turn.

On those

highest of

mountain s where the

snow never melts an in

visible time lessness has

taken perman ent hold even

of our hand'

s scarce

ly touching for their

forgotten

warmth.

“Falling asleep”

or is it a

distant but

scarcely

heard call ing that

sleeps us in to those

realmed a wareness

es at that vacant other-

end of self.

Dialogued

The portrait

ist as the therapist

rarely real ize that im

pending space between what'

s seen and that unknown

looking in sisting

ly back through

them.

Unexpect

ed tiny flow

ers touched- in-blue part

ly hidden as if unrecon

ciled to a gardened dom

estic indwell ing.

It was on

an unmarked

deserted road that a

one-eyed

stranger

caned to the rhythm of timetelling him through to a

fear sudden ly there

that left him soundless

ly behind.

One friend left

Only one friend

left but he became more

than a soul- keeper as

willing al ways to hear

to comfort a voice that

reflected the depth of

her own self- pity.

On portraiture (3)

1. It isn’t

so much those objects defin

ing one’e pro fessional inter

csts or even symbolic

inner accord s But the

eye-depth the hand’s

touching ex pressive

ness that source those

deeper realm s-for-being.

1. The best

portrait

s are not those abstract-

distancing ones at fear

of exposing too much of

one’s own self-express

iveness.

1. When a pict

ures start talking back

— She must have thought

her late 19th century hat

could impress my smiling

at her time- hidden but

so-seen pre sence.

Personalized (2)

1. Good novel

ists can so

personal ize the his

torical back ground become

s “truc-to- life”.

1. Vermeer

personal

ized those objects of

every day living

that they be came as the

facial fea tures of that

not-so-direct ly observed.

at sweet-six

5. 5.

teen pretty bright Jewish

and somewhat richly endowed

with an alcoh olic once play

time mother She knew what

she wanted Him who happen

ed to be Me a “lot-of-

fun” kind-of- life child

less but es pecially money-

sound.

Poems of remembrance *(4)*

1. Holding on

that tight-

grasp of a mo mentary self-

assurance The boat over

flowing with unknown per

sons twice- changed dir

ections from a most-certain

death if ever turning back.

1. Danger a

head he could

feel that rousing

blood though those warn-

signals so distinct

ly written in a strange

ly foreign tongue.

1. Firmly

stanced at

our back those shad

owing figure’ s cruel in

tendons We kept on

shovelling the soft-down

earth the depth of our

own warmth- blooded impend

ing death.

1. That speech

less train

slowly mov ing through

the fog-flood ing night-

rhythmed through our

always-now

impending

fears.

The fear of winter

Winter’s clos

ing in our no- way-out the

days shorter the nights dark

er imprison ing in an ironclad fear e ver tightening

its grip on

our flesh-warmed

and soothing softness

es.

A no man’

s elevator

that seemed empty of where

we were go ing as if it

had been preplanned and

we soundless ly ascending

a vastly un known oast.

1

Those still

unexpect

ed moment s when time

slows to the very-pulse

of our selfintending

quietude

s.

The corridor

At first

the corridor seemed short

but strange ly enough

the further we went the

longer it be came as a

snake wind ing itself

out.

For Rosemarie

You’ll always

continue to charm me with

those softly melting

though less- revealing

touching eye s of yours.

Some leave

s not crumb

led and dried- down to an

exhausted

life-sense

have kept their color

ings bright ly flowing

through the wind’s soft

ly evoking silence

s.

Does (as they say)

“grass real ly grows o

ver” the blood- ruins of per

sons and pla ces still haunt

ed with a depth of unreali

zing life- view.

Life goes on

but death as well that end

less cycle of

time’s irre versible

sense-flow.

As we live

on through

the memories of others who

die out that lasting linger

ing moment of our self-in

habiting

sense-for-be

ing.

You can’t

bury those

innocent corpses deep

enough They all keep co

ming back un earthed to

haunt your very-being.

Her puppet

finely dress

ed up to but a transient

image of her mirroring

self But when it stopped

talking back a mute silence

permeated all her very-

thought s and wish

es.

Only once

did he real

ize those hate- your- enemy-

psalms When those self-de

fying words mirroring

the depth of his very-be

mg.

Big-stoned little stones

When those

little Jewish stones gather

ing a parish of collect

ive memorie s of the Big-

stoned dead inscribed

with less life fully decid

ing words.

Some of

those perfum

ed sweet-smell ing stores

left him with that ethereal feeling of irn itating sugar

ed light-wing ed angels.

The sound

s of waiting

alert to each telling mo

mcnt so dense as if colorappearing.

A double-life

She led a

double-life as if the

one wasn’t e nough for

the other A two-sided

street runn ing through

her every thoughts in

counter-dir

ection

s.

She conform

ed so much

to her hus band’s other wise taste that one won

dered if she continued

to hear her selflisten

ing aloud.

He was dress

ed to his own

sense-of-import ance that brief-

cased certain ed smile of

previous (and most assuredly)

coming accom plishment

s.

Child-sold

icrs (some e

ven seven) learning

to kill out the meaning

of their own having-

been.

Kafka

so personal

ized the depth of his own

being hidden behind those

shadowing

self-decept

ive facade s of his.

All genuine

artists (the

uncommon few) suffer through

the imperfect ions of their

own limited sense-for-be

ing-

Last Sunday in the church year (6)

1. The tree

s bared naked

ly exposed to that no

where s to hide-from

the depth of our overcom

ing shame The leaves down

as these un spoken words

fallen from their very-

source.

1. Today

Death reign

s supreme worshipped

with the flo wering hope

s and remem brances at

its speech less altars

of enduring stone.

1. Death’

s that most perfected

form of demo cracy Daily

magnetical ly pressing

good and bad rich and poor

to its eter nally stone-

bred silen

ces.

1. Is death

then the

true source of these night-

mared fear s That naked

untold loncli ness mirror

ing our face less final-

end.

1. Without

prayer there’ s no hope

left Christ lived but to

die at the crossway

s of his death-over

coming bless mg.

J) For Christ

ians the loss

of a close- one signall

ing two complc mentary dir

ections The one facing back

to what we’ ve shared of

life’s common- ground The o

ther Christ wards heaven

ly calling.

'a out

fathered

me His loom ing ever

stronger a hove those

faint shadow ings of his

son’s guilty self-apprais

als.

The last defense

The fear that

words the last defense had

failed him in the center

ot an unspok en void the

nowheres of not-being-

there.

Family roll-call (7)

1. Two sisters

She took the

upstairs-way as Kafka to

a roomed-in- world only

hers but hard ly shelter

ed against that other

world down be low bottom

ed to her un timely fears.

1. She read so

much of the

best Henry James Jane

Austen that her aloneness-

world revolved around a soc

ial setting foreign to

Iter very-na ture.

1. Uncle Morton

that Esau-of-

a-rnan big- strong-hair

y-wooded-hun ter always

on the prowl but daily

dentrified to his do

mestic in habiting

domicle.

1. Aunt Sylvia

Morton’s unwoman

ly aggressive darkly-beauti

fying wife so competit

ive even on her deathbed as if she’d been

born only-yes terday.

1. Barry

their only

son quarter backed his

high-school team as a

woman-wanter

cat-incbriat

ing his al ways shadow

ing-selved

mother.

j) Grandpa Barney

our self-made-

man brought up his New-

World child ren on a King

Lear’s diet of do-what-your-

father-wants or he’ll do-

you-in-and- out thorough

ly- g) Etta

his wife so

soundly-pack ed with do

mestic goose rocking and

rolling it down the ais

les of Elvis Presley’s new

est hits.

Poems are

not those

press-the- button kind-

of-thing These dry per

tods expose one’s sap-

down word-re surfacing

needs.

Rosemarie

I’ll still re

member that starless

late-autum nal night

The lake more the out

side of dark ness extend

mg even be yond its out

lasting reach- for-sound.

The deep

sleep that

leaves me soundless

ly awake to recurring

(though soon dissolving)

images.

That window

ed light a

cross the way sudden

ly realized voiceless

though e ver-watching

through the vanishing

night’s last moments of

immens ing dark

ness.

Colorings

That tiny

bird branchholding its

fragile touch ing my through-

coloring

s.

Cain

too marked-

off but pro tected from

an alien world mask

ing his own While we Jew

s long ex iled return

ed to the distant land

of our fear- felt call

mgs.

Reattuned?

Is happiness

(a true sense of fulfill

ment) a blem ish from this

self-suffer ing world of

ours Must we suffer then

into the very- grammar of

our self-sus taining love-

attune

ments.

This land

dried-down

its very-sub stance The

trees thinn ed to their

leafless shad owings Only

the holding- touch of love

can help rc claim this

sapless land of our

s.

Those stain

s the fallen leaves us

with moment s of a blood

less regret.

Stone-by-stone

When the

city bombed- down to its

very-being Nothing left

but our bare hands rebuild

ing its ex hausted-na

ked frame stone-by-

stone.

After his illness *(forlngo)*

only a dim-

light left But even

that-enough to realize

the faint touching

s of an al ways new be

ginning.

Is time run

ning out on us as a ri

ver dry-sea soned its

bared-down

currents

breath lessly stepfinding.

A seculari

zed Kafka

daily plagued with the fear

s of his own insuffi

cience s but lost

from his my sterious

longing for that always be

yondness-

light.

He walked

his late-after

noon shadow increasing

ly the more- becoming of

his always lessening

self.

Those unex

plored region

s of the soul as vastly

darkening as the deep

est breadth of these late-au

tumnal night

s.

That silent

one all-be

coming shame of one’s na

kedly exposed bodied the

fear of death’ s all-inclus

ive claims on us.

This late

November

day as a Span ish galleon

lost-down to its sunk

en silenc

es.

Buxtehude’

s Christ-bod

ied passion as Rubens’

exclusive ly flesh-orien

ted crucifix ion the in

carnation of His one-of-

us death-o vercoming.

Exploring

the heaven

s for lost- possible plan

ets expose s the more

of our earth- bound God-

insufficien

ces.

Frozen

moments the

tight-close ness of those

feared but unspeak

able word s.

*A* higher church *(official)* I

They’d like

to be known as tolerant

peace-maker s popular

ly smiling their own in

sufficient need of a

cause the slight soft

ness of their indwelling

cheeks more than that

steadiness of claiming

outside the closed-in

circle of their own

self-appre

ciation

s.

*Human* ZOOS (for Michael) Are those

cagcd-in

prisons

really noth ing more

than human zoos protect

ing the ani mal-in-us

from those fierce in

stincts that might

flare-up the impending

night-light s of our own

indelible

fears.

A higher church *(official)* // That harm

less post- christian

smile of his always pleas

ant well- meaning

salvation-

wishes

taming all of the dead

ly instinct s that led

Christ to

the cross.

Attacked

She was at

tacked in bright day

light help

lessly a

lone Only the mute stone

s cried out her need as

many passed by attend

ing to their own daily

wants and wishes.

The German

church after

closing its doors to the

suffering Jews has now

discover ed that Christ

was one-of- them-Ours not

theirs those un-Christian

Israelis.

The creed

It’s that com

mittment to a “holy

church”es’

centuries

ofjewish

(Jesus)

hate that un holies most

of those “dev ilish” in

stincts of mine.

A warning

If Christ’

s words and deeds are da

ted then the spirit-of-the-

times become s holier than

the-spirit- of-His time

less word-en compassing

bei no-.

Songs without words *(Mendelssohn) I* at time

s so intimate ly voiced

that we could hear our own

breath rhy med to those

self-enchant ing moment

s of his.

Songs without words *II*

At other

times his voice over

came its own descript

ive nearness and left us

cliched to romantic

ally overflavour

ed send ment

s.

Waiting

for what did

n't happen as this bar

ed-down late November

landscap ing a recept

ive need for the first

snow’s timeenhancing

complete

ness.

*Unwanted advice* (to a Nobel Prize poet) It’s only

when words so seldom re

fined that they realize

their own in herenti

dentity.

“Dawned on him”

It “dawned

on him” as a subdued

candle light ing the en

tire scope of that room’

s inner dark

nesses.

Abbreviations

In this

strangely foreign world

of unknown letter-ap

pearance s We must

blindly touch- our-way to

a nowhere s of find

ing those not-words

out.

For Rosemarie /

It’s only in

this aging world of a

peaceful to getherness

that we’ve realized the

intimate voice of a

timeless u nity.

For Rosemarie //

Those prett

ily designed dresses of

your hungup to their

most intimate ly creative

calling

s.

Ode a Rogier van der Weyden

when space

and the fa brie of sound

realize a world of un

touchable

purity.

Contrasts (2)

1. Van Eyck

may have de

tailed that freshly-seen

for its own sake quiet

ing an appre ciably spaced

still-life.

1. Whereas

Van dcr Wey

den surface d a sense

of God’s hid den but my

sterious ly aware-pre

sence.

Christian

Lehnert’

s poems keep-close

to a person ally sound

less obser vance.

When the

“always-now”

had become an always-

then as if time’s contin

uity washed upon strange

and uncertain ed shore

s.

On Kafka *(4)*

a) That-way

If what al ways seemed

so unreal in Kafka’s word-

aware vision ary mind act

ually happen ed Or was

what he de scribed

only real ly so because

he realized it no-other-

way than his own.

1. Wider-framed

It’s often

that deep ly personal

subjective view of a

world wider- framed than

our own.

1. ***Kafka'***

s so Jewish

ly idealized view of marr

iage only be came most tru

ly his own while writing

out his self- causing un

fulfillment’ s sake.

1. If Angst’

s at the

heart of mod ern man It

realmed Kafka firmly-first

in its pro phetical

ly tentacl ed grasp.

The law

God’s ulti

mate domain evilly usurp

ed as with Kleist’s

Michael Kohl haas closed-

out always be yond man’s

unreacha ble cause.

Saying

what one

should isn’ t saying

at all

Silence how

ever remote ly speaks

louder than such words.

Rain

drops touch

ing the loss of leaves im

itating col orless

ly why.

That chair

in his office curved and ele

gantly arm- holding him

into a dig nity of self-

assuming im portance.

How many

men use “the

best years” of their wive

s as a guar antee for

their own self-satisfy

ing appear ance as

clothes fresh ly exhibit

ed fashion ably display

ed until

worn-down for

closeted-for

getfulness.

Those ghost

ly fogs phant

oming the wood’s dark

ly reclusive ness.

A lone Decern

her apple hang ing hard

for the cold taste ofwint

ter’s aspir ing claim

s.

For Rosemarie

The warmth-

softness of your hand

infolding the depth of

my very-be ing as a

rose sound lessly color

ing.

Does the

tonality of

our speak ing voice its

innerrhy thmic accord

s imply cer tain charact

cr traits Or have we

learned all— to-well to

simulate the appeal

of our voic ed-toned ap

pearance

s.

He heard

only what

he wanted to hear So as

his world grew ever-dark

er and left him a no-way-

out he began to hear noth

ing at all.

Cornered

He forced

a no-way-out on his longtime friend Cornered

him to those speechless

darkness es within.

After her

husband

left her and the children

grown-away into their

own life-sense She started a

new as if life itself

was an ex changeable

item She tried to real

ize to-the- full its re

newable down- payment

s.

Morning

street-light

s still stran gely awake

to some scar cely decipher

able darktime message.

Christianed

When life

started closing- down on that

many-roomed house of his

light-by-light space upon

his space less need for

a never-relin guishing hea

venly-more.

Interval

s of sound

as the eye- levels of

your thought ful voice

spaceful ly within.

No secret

s kept ex

ccpt those of these

timeless waves origin

ed from a con tinuing un

known source.

Special e

vents as our

“golden anniv ersary” may

mark time out as those num

bered stone s that often

seem misplac ed in an o

pen field of increasing

forgetful

ness.

For Christian Lehnert

Listen

ing to the inner voice

(as if we could hear

what isn’t ours to

know) the image of those

soundless ly inert sha

dowing

s.

Mood-

pocms as atmos

pheric paint ings realiz

' 1



ed-intcrior s of our

own self- searching

s.

A rabbit’

s pre-deter

mining taste- awareness

of a carrot’ s self-defin

ed calling s.



ing and still

recurring i mage of that tree-snake’ s taste-in

volving a predator

bird’s in creasing

appetite’

s-fill.

*Sourced* (in memory Charles Seliger) Is color

sourced in the visual-

mind’s need for inher

enttouch- finds.

Recallings

The sapless

cause of these naked

ly defining trees as ag

ing men’s de sires for a

spring’s re calling.

Knight-devil-death *(DUrer)* Only then

did he real ize Lost in

a wood of all-surround

ing fears without e

veil the slightest light-sense

to finding a way out.

Mirroring

That distant

panoramic view of the

heavens be ing swallow

ed up in to black-im

mersing void s that left

a shallow ing depth

somewhere in his heart’

s contract ing range.

“Copycat”

I don’t really know

what cats might be copy

ing perhaps those almost

soundless

secretive

paw-ways that echo ever-so-

slightly its repet

itively approach ing nearness

es.

Outsourced

She felt the

fields flow ing her a

way beyond the grasp of

holding those elusive mo

ments secure ly-tight.

V Quartet *(Bart6k)*From the

stilled and intimate to

the continu ous over

flowing of waves immens

ing their un realizing

height

s.

*Op 76,5* (Haydn quartet, last met.) Tongue-in-

cheek All- starts—at-once

circusing  
life’s puls

ing-interlude ’s through-

moment

s.

*Op. 16,5* (Haydn, slow mvt.) Ifheaven

could be told earth

ly-bound then here a

transform ing beauty

landscap ing unimagin

ably peace ful quiet

udes.

Renaming

what doesn’

t change what’s al

ways been there before

word-disguis ing their re

newing sense- appeals.

Buber’s

“spiritual

Israel” im plying a state

beyond the state’s al

ways-need to secure the

real border s of its

very-being.

The poem

continu

ously dialog ing that inn

er inescap able world at

the darken ed-depthed o

ther-side-of

self.

Late fall’

s quietly de ceptive warm

th as some persons we’

ve known mask ing a pleas

antry of arti ficial appre

citation

s.

Dr. Wallner’

s Freudian

over-shadow ings silen

ced me in to the dead-

dream-fears of his noanswering length-of-

being.

I only re

member Dr. Lander’s

slight limp and the Godlike picture of Sigmund

Freud domin ating much of

his lesser presence.

Two Flemish masters (2)

1. Van cier Wey

den’s lyri cally dress

ed-color ings the in

terior world of each and

every self- designing

personed-ex

pressive

ness.

1. The brilliant

ly preform ing stillness

es of Van Eyck’ s surfacing

realms of self-contem

plation.

He follow

ed his own

lesser (but still prevail

ing) instinct s as a dog

leashed to the scent of

its elusive self-find

mgs.

Too much

King David given too

much of his wanting-for-

more overstepped that

invisible line out

side even the expand

ing claim s of his pre-

Messianic

kingdom.

That half-

**moon** focus ing the early

winter heaven s but still

signify

ing the blind-

dark-side to our own sense-

of-being.

Gryphius

poet of the

30-years-war reclaimed

his life’s re newing source

in the tight ly committ

ed sonnet-form and through

a faith tower ing above that

daily rhythm of death’s con

tinuous har vesting

s.

There

We were there

to be ignored as desolate

ly alone as the island

of their choice Delos rock-

stone and barren-space.

so physical

*Weimar and Buchenwald*

ly near but spiritual

ly distant' ing two world

s of the mind and spirit

and that of hate and viol

ence But near er than ever-

realized The young Goethe

(“Prometheus”)

emancipated

man from God setting those

other spirit s loose Man

as the niea sure-of-all

things that then measured

out the cruel ty of his

own very- being.

*Pioneer days* (in memory WiUa Catlier) (2) a) the unlimit

ed call of all those un

fathomed land s soiled to

the very close-sense-

feel of our most intimate

being.

b) Pioneer

days when

sun moon and stars so a

lone in their heavenly

escape ur ging a prim

eval light upon our

first-sens ed time-rou

tes.

Question

ing Goethe

For your love and

nature have replaced the

need of a God whose es

sence is love and whose nat

ure is the creating

source of all that’s be

ing-

This dried-

**down** fall

as some per sons so emaci

ated that e ven a boned

handshake

echoing

through what was left

of their lifereclaiming

person.

Why moral

ists are a

dultery- prone Because

they position themselve

s so as a word-wall pro

tecting a gainst their

instinct ual other

wiseness.

The right-rev

ercnd P. seld

om right in

his wife’s

pre-order ing eyes re

dressing those half self-bal

ancing words of his into

a tottering Moses-like

stutter.

String-Quartet ***(Ravel)***Light-sense

stream ing shadow’

s banners of sound

less express ion.

Clarinet Quintet ***(Brahms V' mvt.)***

A flow

ing express iveness

silver-sens  
ed escaping e

ven time’s im  
ploring sha

dows.

The viola’

s mostly lost-  
in-the-midd

le enchant ing-seductive

ly calling us  
to its renew

ing harmon ic pleasure

s.

*Op 64,2* (Haydn's Quartet -finale) Haydn’s presto-

finales each voice redis

covering its own express

ing a togeth ernes as a

shimmer of light’s just-

revealing.

On Brahms’

Clarinet Quin

tet’s incolor ing harmon

ies as juicy- delectable

as the taste of ripen

ing fruit’s in herent touch-

values.

tasies faint



ly through these still

ed shadow ings time’

s recreat ing oneness-

accords.

Winter’

*2"d Advent*

s cool raininvoking

shadowing s of those

summer-bird’ s coloring-

renewal

s.

Rebuild

ing after-the-

war’s almost total ruin

s down to those very-

depths of a vanquish

ed evil-em pire.

“Egged-on ”

They “egg

ed him on” perhaps be

cause he was the immovable

“hard-boil ed” type or

because they’ d “chicken

ed” him now surely “egg

ed-on” for signs of cour

ageous be havior.

Between 2 worlds (4)

a) An interior-

**poetic** world freshly re

vealing sound image and

thought and the “real”

world that holds me

tight to its always ground-

based fear s.

b) The Jew

in my endanger ed look-out

Towering those ghett

oed breach ing walls

And the Christ ian Churched

in what re mains close-now

to my very- being.

1. between

the truly invisible

church con cealing its

Christ-chosen ness And that

physical ly exterior

one walled- high against

its callen-

message.

1. between

the Herbert ian culture-

designing conflict And

the word be yond the

word’s time less remote

ly-calling

s.

Judging

through

the half-blind

eyes and

sense of o thers Or the

cycloptic focus of one’

s own very self-reveal

ing.

Unchangeable

We knew

they’d never change-course

Holding-on to what’s alway

s-there while intently look

ing for what daily isn’

t.

This wind’

s darkly in

visible mess age as the

flow of wave’ s unknown

but alwavs- intended

course.

In memoiy C. S.

He kept

his secret ly paper

ed impress ions (where

I may become more found-

out) in a safely-secur

ing relia ble place.

When a poem

becomes

those alter nate route

s of unrecon ciled dis

tancing

s.

A money-thinker

She was from

childhood on a money-

thinker evalu ating person

s and purchas es in dollar

s and cents Even check

ing out gift s she’d re

ceived not ac cording to

taste or choice but to

their very-re levant value.

It rained

so hard so long that we

could hard ly decipher

our own voice retreating

into the shadows of

those unheard silence

s.

“We Three Kings of Orient are”

a hymn of

such distant- longings

that even “the field

s and fount ains” sustain

ing their e ver-search

ing for the star-anoint

ed king.

Karl Stamitz

es’ pre-Mozart ean clarinet

concerti al most as se

ductively fluent and

yet pre-dat ing its epi

gonal sound- describ

ing presen ce.

“Its our

turn now”

she said (as the eld

est of their ever-lessen

ing family)

Her mother bur

ied from the sovereign

age of time’ s always but

ever-slowly pro ceeding

s.

“O come all

ye faithful”

’s resound ing call to

the ends of time and of

the earth’ s expanding

spheres for life the

real-life of Christ’

s now-becom ing in vis

ible king dom.

The Jewish-

Christ mark

ed with the Star-of-David

His people’ s oncoming

death-blood of their se

cretly with holding re

demption.

The Call *(4)*

a) through

the night’ s compelling

darkness es that watcheyed train tracked to

its sensed- distanc

ing sound s.

b) That finger’

s boned but voiceless

ly pointing its no-where

s-else than at his so in

nocently-ap pearing there

ness.

1. The calling of St. Matthew (Caravaggio)

Even that

room (symbol of a rest

lessly await ing world)

closed-in to its no-ways-

out from Christ’ s magnetic

calling.

1. L’appcl (Gauguin)

Was it her

hands or those intell

ing eyes time-evoking

still un folding

distance

s.

Too explicit

What become

s too expli cit as a mor

alizing sermon or a Lessing-

inspired play leaves its

word-bound audience too

small below such over-an

swering height s.

Exposing (3)

1. Love’

s insist

ent need s for an in

spoken near ness through

those ag ing years of

occasion eci time-sitt

ing aloneli

ness.

1. **From secretly exposing** That suddeneyed fear of being read-

through what ever safely

enclosed her from se

cretly expos ing.

1. St. Anthony (Griinewa

exposed to a

wilderness of fears in

devilled with more than his

lessening cause could

hold.

Alone

with the per

soned dark ness of that

night-consum ing house.

Hefelt

the quiet

ing foot steps of his

nearing that elusive

self-image.

The land

breath

lessly still waiting for

the gentle ly consuming

touch of that first

enlighten

ing snow.

Seldom

even in that

16th century parish house

could he sense an a

wareness of all-those-o

thers who’ d lived-this-

house-through.

Prodigal Son? *(forM. S.)*

His mother in

vested more of her self

less love than the mea

ger returns of her son’s so

otherwise-

personed.

Faith

is not that

kind of a possess

ive thing As love it

must be con tinually re

born to satis fy its tenta

tively real izing claim

s.

It

was never

outspoken ly said but

always se cretly im

plied as if knowing

had become the more of

a speech lessly there.

Kafka’

s light-o

pening door but always

closed from entrance

Not-only an unapproach

able God but even bet

ween us you- and-me.

Over

night in a

strange house an always-

closed behind- glass book

case But the more I asked

the less they could find

of that al ways-lost

key.

Those eye

s their glar

ing-stare turn ed me off a

round a cor ner until my

feet could re find their

correspond ing time-ac

cords.

9th Plague in Egypt ***(Handel)***

“A darkness

came over the land” as if

the Pharaoh and his peo

pie would be plagued with

the depths of their own self-

shadowing

s.

Those andante

s of Mozart

that continue a flow of

never-ceas ing streamlike sensibil ities.

Come-on

It was a com mon come-on

that ad tor a penniless

safe and e asy way of im

proving ... as those kind

s of indraw ing spider-

webbed look s caught in

their no-ways of possibly

getting-out.

Short-timed

Little boy s with those

freshly-a wared look

s self-remind ing me as

if time had been condens

ed to that short-distan

ce between.

Being watched

They knew

they were be ing watched

through that narr

ow light of their from-es

caping step s.

German portraiture ca. 1500

(Munich, December 2011) ***(11)***

a) discovering

the true beauty of man’s reali

zing his God- created like

ness.

b) Woman with a Bonnet

(Augsburg 1517)

a lyrical port

rait pre-dating Corot’s young

lady embedded in herself-en

closing quiet tudes of light

colors open spaces reflect

ing what only her withhold

ing thought s could real

ize.

1. Holbein’s Jane Seymour

so vastly de

corated that even her eye

s seemed-like jewelled-in

flection

s.

1. **Holbein’s** famed “doubleportrait” so o ver-filling

that room with symbol

ic object s that more

than-define the depth of

their posed- from-being.

1. Diirer’

s “Wohlgemuth”

unrelentless ly unveil

ing the blem ished face of

his aging thereness

so unbeauti fyingly true-

for-us-all.

/) Diirer’s portrait of

Jakob Muffal (1526)

at once so

realistic ally room-

near expos ing the inner

realms of those abstract

silences of his.

g) Furtenagel

(“The painter Burktuaier and his wife”)

a great master piece from a

little known “minor art

ist” reflect ing the mirror

cd sameness in life as in

death of the oneness of

true-marriage.

h) Why did

Diirer three-

finger his father’s

not quite cloth-enclos

ing appear ance.

1. Wolf Huber’

s all-sided

studies of the same person

ing him to a unity of selfbeing or sim ply implying

the many per sons beyond his

outward appear ances.

j) Portraiture

Arc the sym

bols of their outstanding

position more of those

persomng hands and

face or paint erly attribut

es excessive ly self-de

fining.

k) Seeing and

after-see

ing as if those port

raits were be coming a con

tinuing part of my own

self-reveal

mg.

Time-eluding

The room

not enter ed by still

being there time-elud

ing.

She had

the look of

once-being- young Dressed

that cause in to an express

ive time-simu lating remem

brance.

Listening

through those bare

and shadow less sound

s ofa lone but branch-

defining bird’s com

pelling an almost

echoless re spon se.

Mozart’

s violin con

ccrti between the virtuos

ity of sound- sensing and

those most intimate ac

cords of selfcomposure.

Schubert’

s 5th as if

“I’ve-heard-

it-before”

and the melod ic flow of

time-forget

fulness.

Heavy

snow weight

ing my thought s down to

their earth- sustaining

whiteness

es.

Pink’

s hung his

longest

through-flow

ing self-en veloping

stocking while Christ

masing his own apple-

red prepara tion-cheek

These fount

aincd parks summerly

dressed-in their usual

pleasur able green

ness Now dried-down

vacant ly haunt

ed wind-si lences.

“Count your

blessing s” Pink merr

ily adding them all-up

that sidewinding smile

of his longdated type

writing e ver so care

fully-chosen

blue-ribbon

ed.

For Rosemarie

Those love

ly designed prettily

dressing me into the

more of that always-yon.

ForH. B.

A room at

the top of the stair’

s each up wards prolong

ing steps c choing 35

years of time’s recept

ive thought fulness.

Is life then

an upwards- way of reali

zing a dimin ishing sense

of timeful completion.

High school

reunion

s however time-recall

' ing-



the usual out side of those

always selfreserving in

tuition

s.

Otherwised

What I still

remember of those o

therwise high school

days were those long-

extending

corridor

s even be yond my own

self-increa sing shadow

mgs.

Marked-off or down ***(4)***

1. A ***2"‘‘*** start

as if that

almost lifeconsuming

one could sim ply be e

rased as that 3rJ grade black

board water ed-down with

out even a trace of its

chalk-mark ed remind

ers.

1. Lot’s wife

as so many

German Jews marked even

with the star ever-holding

to the end cing richness

of Sodom and Gemorrah’

s time-decay ing calling

s.

1. Boundaries

He sensed

the boundar ies of his

pre-given and limited

domain as if one step be

yond that still unmark

ed line could release all

those haunting fears mhabi

ting the depth s of his

very-being.

1. The Lord’

s biblical

time-scheme can’t be plac

ed in man’ s marked-down

time-ensuing

calendar

s It’s more like crossword puzzl ing all those

darkened

closed-off'

non-answer

mgs.

Humanism?

If man’s

not the mast er of him

self still plagued with

those recurr ing vices

of lust hate and power-in

tent How could he then be

come the last ing measure -

of-all-thing

s.

Karl Stamitz ***(bom 1743)***

caught right

in the mid die between

Haydn and Mo zart blending

his own lyri cally concerto-

voice and peppy Haydnesque

finales with a symphonic

assurance only a true-

master could claim.

3 Romances oboe and piano ***(Schumann op. 94)*** Music with

an unknown message deep

ly shadow ing its ex

pressive

time-invok

ing loneli ness.

Pruning a

tree however finely-finish

ed is like cutting

these poem s down to

their source- growth a

wakening

s.

The sub

way here in

Munich cloth ed in strange

and foreign dialect

s inhabit

ing (each

his own) separ ately uncag

ed moments of this multicultural zoopark.

Looking a

way from what one

shouldn’t see Tensing

the moment s of this

always-now

presence.

White

house-paled

impression s faintly re

vealing this winter’s color

ing bareness es.

Portrait of a Young Man

(Hans Siiss von Kulmbach 1520)

A sadness as

a web spread ing from his

eyes and in concealing

face to the fineness

of his cloth- felt self-in

habiting ap pearance.

His dream

s left him

soundless ly landscap

ing a famil iar but yet

untoucha ble sense-

from-being.

For Norman

terminal

ly sick yet without a

self-expir ing date He

lives each day as a

marked-man as those Jew

s starred to the final

ity of life’ s ultimate

exposure.

Diirer’

s best portrait

s so secur ing a self-

assurance of pose and

person that (however much

one tried) it couldn’

t have been otherwise

duely-felt.

Death ’

s always

been so se cretly self-

conceal ing-shy (c

veil hidden from its own

intent) to meet one’s

ncaring-end

face-to-face

or even more directly-so

eye-to-eye.

Baldung Grien

3 years im

pressed with the unmistake

able stamp of Diirer’s so-

directly no- ways-out

took to the side-ef

fects of re- editing those

most fain iliar scene

s so u n fore seeably and

strangely un known.

4 Thought-poems

(December 15, for Inga and Solvey)

1. Music

(the how of its being

heard)

more than the

conductor-

performance

Or his own night-causing

transient mood But the

before and after of its

own self-re vealing sound-

length

s.

1. Should me

judge a poli

tician by what he’ll be

come in those always-chang

ing histori cal tide

s Or by his closer-felt

Now and no- where-else.

1. Those epoch

s of great

art with its inter-play of

more-than-one depend on a

master-teach er or else

they’ll soon time-themsel

ves out.

1. Friends

with an a

genda or caused by a

common togeth erness Friend

ships rarely sail under an

unchange able flag-de

signs.

Lonely face

s (mainly men)

Hopper-like staring their

vacant thought s through the

glass reflect ions of long-

lost irretrie vable time

s.

His motive

s were main

ly masked e ven from him

self as if dialogued

from an everpresent though

apparent ly otherwise-

self.

The black

bird left its

vaguely dis tinct impress

ions on these snow-felt

fields of wind-breed

ing forget fulness.

Purifying needs (3)

a) After Auschwitz

the world

needs even more a beauti

fying poetry sound-sensing

the wind’s mo mentary timetouching ex pressivc

ness.

b) a light

snow scarce

ly purify ing our need

for a Christ mas of Christ’

s always be coming.

1. Keat’s

timeless

truth of beauty’s re

curring need s to purify

the depthed- interior

s of our mostly dar

kening self.

Alena’

s lost friend

s at such an early age

unquieting the very-be

ing of her most-inward

self-imagin

mgs.

Grammar (**for Warren)** as the choice

of dresses re mains naked

ly uninhabi ted until re

dressed in a personing

self-dialog

ue.

Her way

As she al

ways had to have it her

way’s like a one-way

dead-ended

street.

She

always need

ed to tell you “the

truth” as if she’d become

totally in habited with

what couldn’ t have be

come other wise.

Handel’s Messiah ***(last mvt.)***

slow amen-

fugue as pil grims ascend

ing securely be yond the final

ity of this world’s only

ground-levell ed short-time

ed truth

s.

“1 know that my redeemer liveth ” ***(Messiah-Job)*** intimate

ly so person ally-express

ing Christ’s universal

triumph over those self-de

termining fore es of sin evil

and even death.

Cranach’

s portrait

s lacking the spiritual

ly intense- realism of

Diirer while poetizing

the touch of hair-flow

and land scaping

those inter ior worlds of

personed-

place.

One doesn ’

t speak bad ly of the

dead because they may still

be listen ing in for

the after time’s un

easing rebut tal.

So-much-of answering ***(Robert Frost)*** The ambigu

ity of lang uage opens

out those so- many road

s (even the dusty-obscur

ed ones) in habiting the

many I’s we’ re becoming

so much a part of.

Many-jlagged

Friend

ship’s differ ing flags

hoisting a loft the chang

ing color s of our so

many person ed selved-be

ing.

When

the mind run

s quicker than the word’

s catching up on its

self-reali zing phrase

s.

The eas

ing snow

felt-down soft remem

brance s of a

time scarce ly brought-

to-mind.

Symphony HB 44 *(Haydn last* mvt.)

It began by

being voiced for an oncorn

ing rush of repeated

through-find

ings excess

ively thereabouts.

*Piano Concerto 9* (Mozart k. 271, slowmvt.) as sadly

transform ing as a

snow-touch cd world

at the depth of its heartlevelling pulse.

Those uncommon

ly strange sound

s of religious- medieval music

bringing back- to-mind a

world turn ing about its

own far-away but religious

ly nearly- felt axis.

Those bright-

resounding sun-snow re

fleeting ac cords of win

ter’s more gracious

ly sensed-at tuning inter

ludes.

Living a

self-appeal

ing nightlife of e

qually attun ed artifi

cial light s went out

to those inner dark

nesses of time-fore

boding fear s.

Children’s games ***(Brueghel)*** as if they

could winter- down from its

death-threat ening pulse

to their own gameful

ly prepared pleasantr

ies.

Suddenly

in late Oct

ober snowed- into those

endless field s of time’

s accumulat ing thought

s.

Identities

The Jew-in-

mc histori cally bound

to that his tory of

high-rise

ghettoed

fears While my-Christian-

being remade through Christ’

s personal guide-

star.

This bare

ly touching

grasp-of-snow as the light-

fragrance of firstly-

felt spring flower

s.

Space only

realize

s its own- true-self

while con cealing

those oft: unspoken

thought s of our

s.

This house

at dark voice

lessly alive to its shadow

ed self-be coming near

ness.

So many

Renaiss

ance artist s have por

traited Jacob Fuggerthe

rich that he’ s become rich

ly endowed with those

many facets of his all-

too-familiar

facially-

tensed selfcertainty.

This winter

ed dawn

raised from the very-depth

s of these snow-accumu

lating still

nesses.

Some key

s while flee

ing for their very-life

are better lost or at

least no long er fit for

their refind ing lock.

Early morn

ing snow re

fleeting those untouch

ed moon-felt silence

They were

perhaps marr

ied to anoth er cause less

love-binding but more se

parately self- satisfying

realms of each-his-own.

Why gift

s when He has

given all E ven those orna

mentally expos ing “gifts”

of the orient al “kings”

only symbol ic of the long

ing forgive ness of His

kingly-priest ly realm.

The Lord’s

all-knowing

will and our less-sublime

freedom of choice Two

roads with only the one

invisibly

marked-off.

Snow

the child

hood of our time-awaken

ing dream

s.

*Light-sensings* (Advent poems) (2)

a) Night-

**snow** field

ing the wind s impercept

ively lightsensing.

**b) Winter** ed snow-se

eluding dis tances lightsensing him transpar

ently through.

Oboe Quartets ***(Vanhal)***

If music can so de

light enchant ing even the

lesser train ed ears with

its appeal ing-persuas

ive fluenc ies Why must

it also be considered

“important”.

Gracean

apollonic

beauty refin ing man to

his god-like light-conceiv

ing origin

s.

He wanted so

much to say what he want

ed to say that at the

end only si lence could

answer that self-plead

ing unquiet ing voice

of his.

If after

years of soli

tary conceal ing at a

sudden al most unheard

moment of what she al

ways knew but never

dared touch the bloodstreams of his very-be

mg.

Is the still

life silence

prevading Van Eyck’s paint

ings inward ly contemplat

ing a newly- seen fully

realizing world or be

cause God’ s holy but

also unseen presence

can only be answered

in reveren ce of his

humanly un fathomable

being.

His unfind

ing future

wife needn’ t assemble

the inquiet ing beauty

of a woman ly warmth-

poise but created more

out of the i mage of his

mother’s

word-rush

ing emotion ally inhabit

ing idea- sense.

Advent-Christmas poems *(5)*

1. Has Christ

ianity really

changed the world Only the

few his true disciple

s and their mapped-out

world His sc cretly-known

encompass ing plans.

1. The world’

s still at

war with it self Even “The

Church” consum ed by world

ly lust In justice reign

s now as al ways before

Yet there’ s a hope as

singular as that single

star that guided those

foreign “king s” to a new

and always becoming.

1. It’s only

because we’

ve failed as Jews as

Christian s that

that single star the e

ternal light of this world

in a heaven s full of

our over coming dark

nesses.

1. If “the

sun also rise

s” it's be cause this

self-cnclos ing darkness

has been clos ed-otf as

that original chaos tamed

to its limit ed hold on

all our self- embracing

sins and weak nesses.

1. Our always-now

It’s only

when that Christmas

becomes our always-now

that we can celebrate

that Christ mas through

Christ’s

timeless

ly self-re vealing.

When

“the church”

no longer triumphant

ly brought- down-to-size

realizing the Jewish

ness of Christ’ s calling to

a world (e vcn its own)

foreign to His very-

cause.

Some Christ

ians so heaven

ly climbing the daily hold

of that Jacob’ s ladder that

each private joy might

disconcert them from

that final so opportune

goal.

He wrote

that inner- tensing si

lence out in-to word

s delineat ing their

truly calm ing source.

The Marian

purity of

most medieval Christmas

songs Where as Christ (e

ven in en fant-human

form) untouch ably holy

almost un reachably

beyond man’ s earth-bound

but ascend mg light-

tonalit

ies.

Some women

so dominate

their domestic ally caged-

in husband s that even

the appropri ate key couldn’

t quite fit just-right

for all their emancipat

ing endeavor s.

like rain

*These pearl-*

drops shin ing na

kedly-held trees to a

shimmer ing remem

brance of their first

ly-felt leaf ed-touching

S.

beauty an cmpti



ness will soon overcome our

inward being realized

in light and purity and

sense.

A silence

before Christ

mas withhold ing what could

n’t be said as if our

words could imitate a my

stery of div mely-felt

calling

s.

Christmas Oratorio ***(Bach) (5)***

1. Bright

ly-recurr ing heaven

ly-aspiring

faith-intona

tions but then with soft

ening voice s a unity of

God’s purify ing glory and

mildly in voicing human

spirit.

1. How often

must these

arias insist on repeat

ing a message we’ve long

since become fully intoned

for.

1. For Bach

father of

20 children exploring

a mother’ s inward

ly caress ing gentle

ness more than the fin

est of music al-phrasing

1. The choral

s answering

with one voice for and

with us that inexpress

ible mystery of The Lord’

s flesh-and- child-like be

comings.

1. Each instru

ment individ ually invok

mg its own musical

faith-tonali

ties.

Her penetrat

ing look

ed right through the

flesh and bone of his

very-being louder express

ed than any words could

possibly

realize.

“We’re all a

like” he meant cultural

ly liberal Jews espous

ing mainly social caus

es with a feeling for

the poor though per

sonally mostly rich

ly endowed We’re all

that-alike he meant

I wasn’t.

Christmas

the birth of

the “new fain ily” in Christ

now more be holden to

that old same- fleshed fam

ilies’ drift ing slowly a

part.

At sea

They’d never

been at sea before with

those wide vistas of

wave and wind but now-felt

the chang ing tides of

their direct ionless

course.

*Christmas Story* (Heinrich Schiitz)

es’ simplici

ty purity and biblical word-

closeness of this mid-

30-years-war s longing for

a lasting peace only with

in the true realms of

Christ’s birth ed-through

redeeming pre sence.

Israel

survived

centurie s of Christ

ian misuse only because

“The stone death-breed

ing Law” kept it perpetual

ly alive to the hopes of

a messian ic return.

That bare-

**open** space

windowed a winter

ed empti ness of

light-touch ing precept

ions.

The Jewish-

Christian

s (Book of Acts) insist

ed on “The death-bring

ing law” for pagans to

firstly be come Jews

foreseeing

centurie

s ofjew- hate again

st the basis of their own

life-renew ing faith.

Israel

fashion

ably replac ing those out-

used forms of impending

Jew-hate “The Church” again

on the wrong side of its

world-redeem ing message.

The Adultress

They kept

their dis tance but

with stoneeyed revenge

against their own illicit-

desiring s of their

law-defying

ends.

“Sticks and

stones can break

my bones but words” eyed

with evil-in tent can strike

even deeper to the heart

of our own very-being.

Christmas Eve

Night-beginn

ing days (in the biblical

sense) can birth a light

even intens er than the

morning’ s self-reveal

ing bright nesses.

O Magnum Mysterium

Victoria’ s richness

ofsound- depth wave-

encompass ing spirit

ual here-be yondness.

Wed fees’

s highly color

ed spirit ual music mad

rigal-like

interchange

ably through- pulsing har

monie accord s.

Christmas

alone inhab

ited by an un fulfilling

though self- encompass

ing past mer ging into

the future now if no-

wheres-else.

Raphael

our retard

cd son rare ly focus

ing a music al intensity

of voiced- through pre

sence.

This old wood 1938

knotted with the pained-

scars of its freshly cut-

through

blood-scent.

This Christmas tree *[for my Rosemarie)* personal

ly no-wheres- other than

ours ornament ing a touch

ed-precision of intimate

light-aware

ness.

Candle

s forming

the inward flow of her

hands muted in light—as

cending pre sence.

“ When the

saints go march

ing in” left me through

a very unsaint ly if milit

ary impress ion of I’ll

keep my dis tant-waiting

for the quiet of His soli

tary call.

A multi-cult

*“O come all ye faithful”*

ural credo- hymn calling

together what’s un

known even to itself

their Bethle hem-longing

s.

*At the* zoo (9)

1. Flamingo’

s long-length

preception s feet-fme

ly aspir mg.

1. Tropical

ly multicol

oring fish swimming

through a soundless

sense-of-

case.

1. Kangaroo

s hop-jump

ing an earthlike touch-

and-go.

1. Lady-lion

ess’ eye-o pening her

comfort able winter-

sleep.

1. The “wise-old-

owl’s constant ly look-out

appearan

ces.

1. Penguin

s astute

ly form-em bracing

their mili tary-like

upholding as signment

s.

1. The tiger

rhythmic

ally prowl ing the stripe

s-length of his instinct

ive forebod mgs.

1. ***Giraffe***

s measur

ing those a bandoning

heights of my untold si

lences with in.

1. The broad-

**sided** expos ing rhinocer

os like rereading those

hidden page s of ancient

history.

More

Man knows

that he need s more Some

where beyond his mind’s

steadfast

grasping

through those last

ing tonalit ies of mood-

persuasion

s.

Thought-

**poems** need to

be clothed in the rhythmic

coloring s of their

self-evas ive but tin

denying ex posure

s.

These day’

s increas

ing bright ness of win

tor’s finali zing death-

calls.

That lone

street-light

dream-flow

ing through its fathom

less being.

These naked

winter branch

es dead-a live to their

timeless-breed ing light-call

mgs.

A lone

lithe bird

branch-touch ing its wing

ed coloring light-sourc

es.

These out

seeing in win

dows reclaim ing time’s

voiceless

release.

Not even

this less-in

voking celes tial moon

could dare en lighten these

down-bred win ter’s immers

ing dream s.

Learning

the lesson

s of history is like re

reading its used-out

yellow page s.

Can one o

vercome gen

eration s of recycl

ing other wise exper

iences.

Aron

wording him

self back with that lithe

ness of foot- from those

years of va cant express

IGiiIiCSS.

Alena

at 10 color

ing in those phases of

life-see ing what’s

becoming that elus

ively-now.

A Raphael

Madonna so

softly and secretly inre

vealing His many facial

certainty of that way

and no o ther.

He

was a one-place

one-time kind of per

son no extra s or expend

able aside s as a wo

man without frills or rib

bons but as much herself

by simply be ing there.

Checked-out

A poem must

be diligent ly checked-

out its col ored shadow

ings the pulse of its

rhythmic ap peal and if

the way of saying it’

s no other wise than

that.

“Keeping up appearances”

so much thor

oughly so un til she began

to appear o therwise

than that keeping-up-

for.

Car light

s sudden

ly illumin ating these

tidal realm s of dark

ness.

Playing with fire

Most child

rcn should know that play

ing with fire’ s a forbidd

en game for those burn

ing needs of self-find

ings.

Night

only happen

s to help in tensely des

cribe the origin s of light’

s persist ent calling

s.

Still-standing

So dark that

I couldn’t appear the

house across- the-way must

have been there’s no

proof stillstanding?

Unnamed person

She forgot

his name but remember

ed so distin ctly as if

it was yester day still

more about his unnamed

person.

Tunelessly

Recalling

what happen edthen

(those year s of child

hood’s forgott en memories)

As if time had forgott

en as well self-releas

mg its time lessly-now.

Caught-

fish’s brill

iantly design ing the sur

face of the face of its

darkening

deep.

New Year (3)

s celebrat

ing die e vcr-morc of

those lost and irretriev

able time’ s past.

New Year

s and termin

ably ill (aren’t we

all) a

feared his

time was running it

self out.

New Year

s still too

young to e ven realize

the full-leng th of a year’

s becoming as those blank-

opening page s indelib

ly marked to their

only-now.

neither

*He*

game nor Friend-orien

ted never fully realiz

ed those child hood year

s roman tized for

his child ren’s hard

ly growing out to a world

(much to that other-side-

of self) s really being

s.

My father’

s “long

long trail a winding” in

to the Ameri can dreamed

out without c ver really

facing-up to those un

mirroring

self-inclin

ing persuas ions of his.

How often

so many good-

wishing par ents living

through their child ren’s so o therwise

ness from their-own

December

*A bleak*

day’s flurr ied-snow

neither here nor there

as some duly- awared child

ren quick to their so-be

ing other wise.

always had

*He*

to be the- best But

when he failed his

driver’s test a third

time They found him at

the bottom less pit of

that stoned- down quarry.

The snow

birthed

through those silent-

distant cloud s leaving be

hind only realms of

their untouch able remembr

ances.

A snow-

certain day

brightly ass uring its

time-holding

presence.

These

slight birdlike impress ions in snow

barely deciph ering their

own sense-for- touch.

It’s those

fore-felt

feelings of what’s not

certain

ly known that

awaken world s of imagin

ary sound-dis tancing

s.

Some friend

s (however

distanc ing in time

or even space) remain close

to their al ways having-

been while still-being

there.

Meeting

them the first

(and perhap s) last time

more like chang ing trains

at mid-stop to those cur

rents of dif fering dir

ection

s.

Only pain

can consume

the more of us than we

could possi bly have

realized

before.

Re-creat

ing in mind

of those pla ces we’ve

been no more moods a ton

ality of dis tant express

iveness.

A. B.’

s shutdown world of self-ex

elusive ly withhold

ing.

A house

freshly pain

ted either realizes

its once- sense-of-be

ing or cover s over more

than it could right

ly clarify.

snow con

tinuing its deepening

life-breath ed silence

s.

He was there

in the back of the car

because he’ d been there

for almost a week But now

only by sha dowing some

still darken ing paths of

my self-con cealing past.

Snow

breeds a self-

creating si lence the way

of first flow erings as

it time had just discover

ed its true blossoming

s here.

Blood-cries

It was the

poor humble disinherit

ed that they crucified

with Christ Have their

blood-cries been heard on

the way for Israel’s com

mg redempt ion.

The rain

s came o

ver night washed the

last remnant s of snow a

way those lost memorie

s of an un told ever-dis

tancing time- sense.

It’s too

late now for

The Church to cleanse

itself of a guilt gnawing

at the very- basis of its

own sense-for- being.

Time-alert

Sunrise January 1

2012 not a sound left

in sight he’ d slept

through those soft

pillows com forting a

lingering fear always

there but now time-alert.

How much

(or little)

do facial ex pression

s person an unseen (but

rarely account able) past.

A lost poem

(perhaps one

amongst many) either part

ly conceiv ed but never

written- through or

lost in a crowd of o

thers (as many of us)

trying in vain to find-

back that spec ially attuned

voice-of-its

own.

How many

interchange

able faces however separ

ately color ed can we

claim as our-own gen

uinely person ed.

Talk shows talk them

selves out until words

become as cheaply sover

eign as a monarch sell

ing his king dom for a

single horse.

“A cheap forgiveness” ***(Bonhoeffer)*** The ever-

smiling church always well-

wishing attun ed to a common

place forgive ness at the

cost of its own unreconcil

ing guilt.

Smiles (5)

1. Those a siatics

smiling their

self-conceal ing secret-

access.

1. Those prepar

ed papering-

smiles she brought to

the threshold of her await

ing client

s.

1. Smiling as

a seductive

means of en ticing their

more or less innocent

prey.

1. The natural

and good smile

of present ing oneself

pleasing ly there.

c) Smiling at

being amused

but not quite to those swell

ing boundar ies of hearty-

laughter.

*Cello Concerto* 7 (Karl Stamitz slow nwt.) The emptied

well depthed with more

than that un speakable

sadness could hold.

A moon

less night

irretriev ably dens

ed as a for est held-within

the scope of its self-en

closing dark nesses.

Can I

freshly ex

perience those flesh-

enduring Ren oirs or Degas’

finely-felt dance step

s knowing now their anti-semet

ic anti-Dreyfus antipathic

Some

thing miss

ing as a cross-word

puzzling a vacant-empti

ness or a room with

out your be ing at the o

ther-side of feeling my

self complete ly there.

Lois at 78

from all

sides lessen ed from her

tenuous hold- on-life Loss

of friend s and health’

s declin ing certain

ties.

Doris

at the age

of Lee’s death (81) widow

ed to a glass house of self-

reflect ing loneli

ness.

Poetry books by DavidJaffin

1. Conformed to Stone, Abelard-Schuman, New York 1968, London 1970.
2. Emptied Spaces, with an illustration by Jacques Lipschitz, Abelard-Schuman, London 1972.
3. In the Glass of Winter, Abelard-Schuman, London 1975, with an illustration by Mordechai Ardon.
4. As One, The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, N. Y. 1975.
5. The Half of a Circle, The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, N. Y. 1977.
6. Space of, The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, N. Y. 1978.
7. Preceptions, The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle,

N. Y. 1979.

1. For the Finger’s Want of Sound, Shearsman Plymouth, England 1982.
2. The Density for Color, Shearsman Plymouth,

England 1982.

1. Selected Poems with an illustration by Mordechai Ardon, English/Hebrew, Massada Publishers, Givatyim, Israel 1982.
2. The Telling of Time, Shearsman, Kentisbeare,

England 2000 andjohannis, Lahr, Germany.

1. That Sense for Meaning, Shearsman, Kentisbeare, England 2001 andjohannis, Lahr, Germany.
2. Into the timeless Deep, Shearsman, Kentisbeare,

England 2003 andjohannis, Lahr, Germany.

1. A Birth in Seeing, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2003 and Johannis, Lahr, Germany.
2. Through Lost Silences, Shearsman, Exeter,

England 2003 andjohannis, Lahr, Germany.

1. A voiced Awakening, Shearsman, Exter, England 2004 andjohannis, Lahr, Germany.
2. These Time-Shifting Thoughts, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2005 andjohannis, Lahr, Germany.
3. Intimacies of Sound, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2005 andjohannis, Lahr, Germany.
4. Dream Flow with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2006 andjohannis, Lahr, Germany.
5. Sunstreams with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2007 andjohannis, Lahr, Germany.
6. Thought Colors, with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Exeter. England 2008 andjohannis, Lahr, Germany.
7. Eye-Sensing, Ahadada, Tokyo, Japan and Toronto, Canada 2008.
8. Wind-phrasings, with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2009 andjohannis, Lahr, Germany.
9. Time shadows, with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2009 andjohannis, Lahr, Germany.
10. A World mapped-out, with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearman, Exeter, England 2010.
11. Light Paths, with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Exeter, England 2011 and Edition Wortschatz, Schwarzenfeld, Germany.
12. Always Now, with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Bristol, England 2012 and Edition Wortschatz, Schwarzenfeld, Germany.
13. Labyrinthed, with an illustration by Charles Seliger, Shearsman, Bristol, England 2012 and Edition Wortschatz, Schwarzenfeld, Germany.

Book on DavidJaffm’s poetry: Warren Fulton, Poemed on a beach, Ahadada, Tokyo, Japan and Toronto,

Canada 2010.

“David Jaffm is a scrupulous weigher and weighter of words — by which I mean that a poem is, for him, always a matter of collaboration with the true spirit of the language. Every word is given its value, neither more nor less.” Edward Lucie-Smith

“David Jaffm’s Preceptions is a fine book. Jaffin’s poem, slight on the page, entice, engage, amuse. Yet their brief touchings often reach wholeness, and they are poems of philosophical consequence out of keeping with much of modern poetics. The poems catch perceptions in the act of happening, to be, the short-line verse appropriate to what becomes.”

Paul Ramsey, The Sewance Review

“Jaffm’s poetry is as ‘modernist’ as abstract painting while still poetry in the traditional sense, whose purpose is the verbalization of basic human experience and whose form derives from a serious exploration of language ... it is remarkable what depth of experience Jaffm manages to relate through his severely limited vocabulary and imagery.” Victor Terras (Brown University)

“Mr. Jaffm uses words with a real fineness of diction which emphasizes a characteristic understatement of emotion. One recognizes a cultivated sensibility. He adopts a theme and mode which one cannot help but admire. He writes very well indeed.” the late Norman Holmes Pearson (Yale University)

“Jaffin’s Through Lost Silences offers a rare display of manifold poetic variety. Succinct and challenging enforcers of new insights and deeper understanding, his poems soar in far higher realms than those of prosaic description and rational analysis ... There is sincerity and conviction in Jaffm’s crisp, multi- sensory poeticisation of ideas. Existential and philosophical shapings of language, simple and complex at the same time, draw out the true nature of his chosen subjects in an original way overwhelming the faint echoes of older poetic traditions and leaving behind profound aftertaste of experiences lived through for the first time.” Edward Batley (University of London)

“David Jaffm is a master of the restained but purposeful statement. If his poems do not have quite the briefness of the haiku, they have a good deal of its light-dark inflection and rounded perfection of form ... Jaffins’s poems almost always give an impression of light ‘light reflecting light’. The fact is that if one wants restraint and elegance, he will find it in abundance here. Jaffm’s subtleties are, in short, dazzling.”

The Library Journal on Conformed to Stone

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